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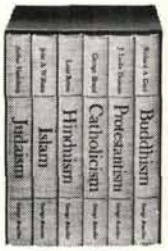

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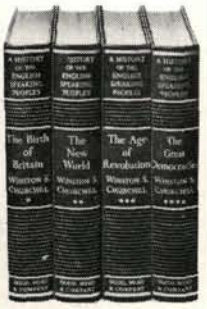

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marginalia

EDITORIAL: The reign in Spain

Spain is the testing ground of Catholic sincerity about religious liberty.

In a pluralistic society such as we have in America, the Church must accept the fact of grand scale pluralism, since the Church does not monopolize the religious, social and political life of the country. In fact, the Catholic Church in this country is a minority factor and therefore, for practical reasons, has to accommodate itself to the greater and prior existence of Protestants. It is very easy for the Church in this country to champion religious liberty since it has no alternative.

However, with Spain we have an entirely different situation. Whereas in America the Church has no choice, in Spain the principle of religious liberty would have to be voluntarily assumed by the Church. It would be a matter of the Church's taking the initiative without any pragmatic considerations forcing the action in any way. Therefore, we might take a brief look at several indicia of attitudes and actions.

Quite recently a pastoral letter entitled "Ecumenism and Religious Freedom" by Bishop Pablo Gurpide Beope of Bilbao made quite clear how the Church in Spain viewed religious liberty.

The bishop said that Catholics should "respect and love whole-heartedly all the separated brethren." But he added a most significant warning. "Let's be well aware that non-Catholic Christian sects [sic] in general are not so much interested in [Christian] unity as in the right to propagandize in order to win converts and to proselytize particularly in nations where there is religious unity." The bishop contends that proselytizing in religiously unified nations possesses a danger to "faith, morality and even political unity."

The bishop's pastoral went on to say, "A society will be all the more perfect in proportion as it allows more freedom for good and provides more restraint, within the limits

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of what is possible, to the freedom of evil. Hence, we cannot agree with those writers who appear to insist on civil equality for all religious groups as an ideal and duty of the state, because that can at most be applied in a pluralistic society, not in one that possesses Catholic religious unity."

Probably the most significant insight into Spanish thinking is contained in the pastoral's central question, "Why disrupt that religious unity that constitutes the inexhaustible source of our peace and happiness by admitting various religious sects who would not come with plans for cooperation but rather for conquest?"

The bishop stresses the charity that the Church feels for non-Catholics and insists that there is no persecution against "dissident Christians," and he further denies that there is any legal discrimination against these dissident Christians in all of Spanish law. But then he goes on to add that "the Catholic government, the proper one for a Catholic country, can prohibit for reasons of public interest, the public worship of dissidents, and even more so, their propaganda, even assuming their good faith or upright conscience."

It takes no reading between the lines nor does it take a prepared commentary of the text to make very obvious the position of the Church in Spain. The Church is the one true church heavily in the saddle and not in the least bit in favor of voluntary charity. This alone makes a mockery of the principle of religious liberty. With only the pastoral as evidence for the denial of religious liberty, one could explain it away by pointing out the peculiar marriage of church and state in Spain, a historical monster that should have been dissolved long ago. But we have Spain with us.

This alone makes a mockery of the principle of religious liberty

What does the Pope think of the situation? Could it be that he laments not only the absence of religious liberty, but also the presence of a dictatorship in Spain?

This last summer Generalissimo Francisco Franco, wearing the golden chain and cross of the Vatican's Supreme Order of Christ, knelt before an outdoor altar in Leon, Spain, to demonstrate the unity between the political and religious power in Spain. He received communion from Juan Cardinal Landazuri Richetts, Archbishop of Lima, primate of Peru, and the Pope's legate to the Leon National Eucharistic Congress.

The dessert to this feast came in the form of a broadcast to Spain from Pope Paul imparting his apostolic blessing to the country and its "supreme civil authorities."

Such a public endorsement of the Spanish Church and the Spanish dictator leaves little hope for religious liberty in Spain, and, further, it gives unpleasant promise that the Pope only accepts a **fait accompli** and does not accept the challenge in any way contained in the principle of religious liberty.

If the Church in the person of the Pope or the bishops actually continues to talk about religious liberty, it must not confine itself to those instances where it has no choice in the matter; it must put into practice what it preaches in those areas where the Church is arm in arm with the "Supreme civil authorities."

CAROLINE GORDON: Letters to a monk

Caroline Gordon, the distinguished Southern novelist, was born on a tobacco farm in Kentucky in 1895. The "neighborhood" in which she grew up is the scene of many of her novels and stories, but New York, Paris, Rome and other cities also furnish backgrounds for her fiction. She served a long apprenticeship to her art, publishing her first novel, **Penhally,** in 1931. (This novel was written in Paris while she and her husband, the poet Allen Tate, were guests of the English novelist Ford Madox Ford.) In all her novels she has worked in "the Flaubert tradition" as it was modified by Henry James and by Ford Madox Ford.

In 1947 she became a Roman Catholic. She has written two "Catholic novels": **The Strange Children** (1951) and **The Malefactors** (1956). Technically and structurally, these are the most brilliant of recent "American Catholic novels," that **genre** practised with

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Forgotten road to success in writing

One of America's highest paid free-lance authors tells of opportunities often overlooked by people who want to write

By J. D. Ratcliff

I can't understand why more beginners don't take the short road to publication — by writing articles for magazines and newspapers.

Last year over 250,000 articles were bought by general magazines alone. And that's only part* of a huge market that will pay well for pieces of almost any length on just about any subject that comes naturally to you. I've made a good living for 25 years writing articles, and I've enjoyed every minute of it.

A wonderful life

I've interviewed a dozen Nobel Prize-winners, including Sir Alexander Fleming who discovered penicillin. I've talked with heads of state, at least one king, scores of leading industrialists. In the past year, I covered stories from Bangkok to Buffalo.

It's a wonderful life. No commuter trains to catch, no office routine. Whether I'm at home, or abroad on assignment, I write from 8 a.m. to noon every day — no more, no less. My afternoons are my own.

How to pick subjects that sell

A big advantage of article writing is that you can break in with material right out of your own everyday experience. One of the first pieces I sold was about the adventures of a test pilot I knew. Another told the story of a friend of mine caught in a balloon that ran wild. Check the contents of any general magazine; chances are you'll find articles you might have written.

You can make good use of your special interests too. One of mine is science, and it's provided dozens of story ideas — from accounts of dramatic new heart operations, to a report on an astronomical observatory built out of salvaged junk. Your passion may be insurance or religion or football, raising roses or raising children. Whatever it is, you should be able to draw on it for articles that could inform and entertain thousands of readers.

Knowing *what* to write is about half the battle. The other half is knowing *how*. To produce saleable articles, you must master the tools and techniques used by all successful professional writers.

You might develop these skills on your own through sheer blood, sweat and rejection slips. But when I look back, I can't help thinking of all the time and agony I would have saved if I could have found a real "pro" to work with me.

Such help is now available to beginners everywhere through the Famous Writers School — founded by Rod Serling, Faith Baldwin, Bruce Catton, Bennett Cerf, Max Shulman, Mignon G. Eberhart, Bergen Evans, Red Smith, John Caples, Rudolf Flesch, Mark Wiseman and myself.

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varying success by J. F. Powers, Dunstan Thompson, John Howard Griffin, and the late Flannery O'Connor.

In 1963 Caroline Gordon was "Writer in Residence" at the University of California at Davis in the Sacramento Valley. The letter-excerpts which follow are from a correspondence she conducted during that period with a Trappist monk who writes under the name of Jack English.

The rigors of writing fiction

". . . It is too late for me to turn back now but if anybody had pointed out to me how much harder writing fiction is than the other arts, I am not sure that I'd have had the nerve to go ahead. The Lord mercifully veiled my eyes to its rigors, however — for many years — while I sort of delved in certain quarries where I'd hardly have the strength to swing a pick today. What I am trying to say is that all the research I did on the Civil War and pioneer periods is coming in mighty handy on this book I'm trying to write now. But I could have never have foreseen how these labors would be used while I was performing them. I'm sure it goes the same way for every one of us who tries to write fiction. It **is,** indeed, as Maritain points out, different from every other art in that it concerns the conduct of life itself. That, I suppose, is partly why so few of us really know anything about it (as an art) and all of us feel we know everything there is to know.

". . . The analogies between the religious life and the working life of the artist are striking — and, I'm sure, dangerous to contemplate because we are tempted to press them too far. I was nearly fifty years old before I discovered that art is the handmaid of the Church. Up to that time it had been the only religion I had and I served it as faithfully as I could. There seems to come a time in the life of almost every fiction writer when he faces the temptation to go on in the narrow, all but hidden way or strike out along the broad primrose path. Unless, of course, his work is so hidden during his lifetime that he has no chance of being tempted — like Kafka or Cezanne, or any of the good writers who live (in print) only after they are dead.

"It is for Adam to interpret the voices Eve hears."

". . . When I write a book I mull over things till what Aristotle calls 'the action' is clear to me. The action of **The Malefactors** crystallizes for me (not for all my critics!) in a quotation from Maritain: 'It is for Adam to interpret the voices Eve hears.' I find myself (consciously or perhaps unconsciously) testing everything that goes into the book in the light of whether or not it contributes to that action. This is what Aristotle is saying in **The Poetics** when he says that the action of **The Odyssey** is how Odysseus returned to his home in Ithaca from the Trojan wars. Homer, he points out, included only those adventures of Odysseus that served his purpose. The long forgotten author of the epic poem, **The Heraclidae,** tried to recall Heracles' adventures and won oblivion as his reward.

". . . One of the marks of the master, it seems to me, is the way he handles his 'long view': 'He did not see her again for three weeks' Flaubert writes at the beginning of a chapter in **Bovary.** But this chapter follows immediately after the chapter in which Rodolphe has been shown making artful preparations for Emma's seduction. The vividness of the scenes which end that chapter prepare us psychologically for the terseness of the opening paragraph of the next chapter.

". . . I guess what I am trying to say is that in writing a novel or an autobiography we don't need to plow through any stretches of life that seem dreary. If they are dreary, record, portray their dreariness so that they seem dramatic to the reader. Mr. Woodhouse, in Jane Austen's **Emma,** must have been in real life (see the compliment I am paying her art!) one of the most tiresome men who ever lived. But his very quality of being boring is turned into drama. That soft boiled egg he will force on the poor old maid who longs for asparagus! Similarly Flaubert uses the mayor's intensely boring speech at the agricultural show for a highly dramatic antiphonal effect: Rodolphe whispers amorous speeches into Emma's ear after each boring paragraph.

Mr. Woodhouse . . . must have been in real life one of the most tiresome men . . .

". . . I can never find it in my heart to congratulate anybody who seems to be cut out for fiction writing. It is too much like hearing that a friend has just got a life sentence in the penitentiary. His stay there may be the making of him. I suppose that, ideally, or in an ideal civilization it **would** be matter for congratulation — his getting this opportunity to work out his salvation in this particular way. I remember a talk, locution, or whatever is the right word for it that the Pope made to some prisoners which seemed to subscribe to this view. But this isn't the way we usually — **naturally** — look at these matters. So I heave a sigh and say, in effect: 'Yes, it looks like you might have to write some fiction.' I am sure that you won't do it unless you have to. And of course you can count on me for any help I can give, 'though that,' I find myself opining ominously, 'won't be much.'

". . . You seem to be following somewhat the same method I follow when I start a novel. I write down, haphazardly, anything that comes to my mind about it in a folder.

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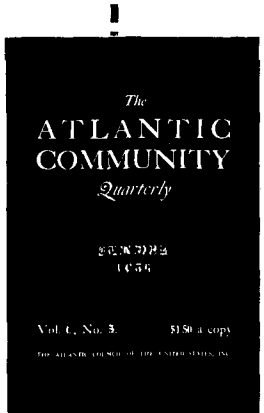

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If I have luck I keep this up for a year or so. Finally I go over the notes, throw out a few and, as it were, let the rest shape themselves into an outline of the action of my story. I am, thank God, one of those people who can make an outline. It's a help if you are but some people have to do all of it inside their heads. The work, of course, as Proust and other great writers have pointed out, is all done below ground, or, as I believe, Proust uses the figure of translation. The work already exists in another country, like a great statue which you bring over, piece by piece and, with luck, re-assemble on your own terrain.

"I am thankful I am as old as I am . . ."

"Since I am fated to do the kind of work I do I am thankful I am as old as I am and therefore was forced to make the acquaintance of certain archetypes (if not all) at an early age. If you make their acquaintance early enough in life, at least, you have a chance to become reconciled to the fact that the unconscious mind of everyone of us harbors demons and demonesses. Did you see Karl Stern's piece on Tolstoy in a recent **Jubilee?** This essay is the only time I ever saw a Freudian criticism yield a literary judgment that seemed (to me, at least) valid. He evidently has gone back and re-read all of Tolstoy's fiction. It seems to me a very important work.

". . . My theory, evolved out of long and dire necessity, is that a generation ago anybody who was destined to become a professional writer got a large part of his training comparatively painlessly and almost unconsciously, in the course of acquiring his bachelor's degree. To get that degree he was required to be able to translate Greek verse into Latin. That will teach you something about sentence structure. In addition, he had the enormous advantage of contemplating examples of perfect form so early in life that they sank into his unconscious mind and formed pictures which later guided his own writing. Then, if one day he said to himself, 'I can write a novel or a play or short story,' he jolly well could — if he had the requisite talent which God gives to whom He pleases to give it. I forgot to name another advantage which the study of the classics affords the fiction writer. These plays are a whole course in psychology, normal and abnormal. For instance, it is regrettable, almost incredible that anybody should kill little children and cook and eat the dismembered limbs, but this horrid practice was a family trait of the Atreidae and they practiced it for generations — no matter how many times the gods showed them the fearful results of these

. . . this horrid banquet as a forerunner of the Eucharist . . .

banquets. If you look on this horrid banquet as a forerunner of the Eucharist, as well as an object lesson in behavior, you are much ahead of the game, it seems to me. I don't know of any more efficacious way to dispel the **naiveté** which is such a handicap to the young writer.

". . . I am simply crazy about this country. This valley, the Sacramento, reminds me somewhat of my own country: middle Tennessee. There is the same **Southwestern** quality, (different from Virginians). The people in the stores or on the street say 'you bet' for 'you're welcome' the way I, myself, still sometimes do unthoughtedly. But they contrive to make it sound like the Italian **prego.** And the landscape has Italian touches. The same almost black cypresses that are such a dominant note in the Italian landscape. And the **trees**—they are incredible. They simply extend their branches any way that pleases them. Once in a while, I stop beside one and make a quick sketch of the outlines of some tree—to use later on in my painting—if I ever get the time to do any more painting.

". . . What makes the plight of the contemporary aspirant difficult and **novel** is that so many of them refuse to undergo any of the disciplines which immemorially make the artist. I have come, at long last, to the conclusion that this is our legacy from James Joyce, or rather, from the prevalent **misreading** of Joyce.

". . . You recalled something I said about Stephen Daedalus. I do think that a great many people of my generation and people even younger have mis-read **The Portrait.** I think that is because they don't pay enough attention to the myth of Daedalus and Icarus which underlies and rounds out the structure. Stephen Daedalus, flying too high on the wings of his nineteenth century scepticism and materialism—encounters the same fate Icarus did. He falls into the sea—of his unconscious—and is drowned. There are clues scattered all through the book. One of Stephen's first memories is falling into a cold slimy ditch. What I am trying to say is that I believe that it is the story of a soul that foresees and welcomes its damnation and not the story of the liberation of an artist's imagination which most young people take it for. It is that sentence 'I go to forge in the smithy . . .' which goes to their heads.

. . . the myth of Daedalus and Icarus . . .

". . . I am delighted to hear that you are writing something about James Baldwin. I got around to reading **Go Tell It On The Mountain** a few weeks ago. I think that I

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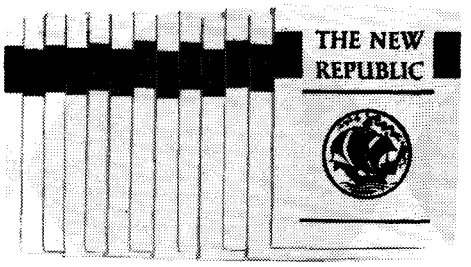

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James Baldwin

had pretty much the same reaction to it you did. He has, indeed, a considerable talent and he writes good English. I was much struck by the way he rendered the spiritual —the theological—atmosphere in which these people lived, almost the way people lived in the Middle Ages. I was struck, too, by how very nearly a **Catholic** way of life it was! One reason James Baldwin's work seems important to me is that he proceeds on an assumption which effectively contradicts a popular conception. It is taken for granted, by the majority of reviewers of fiction that grace—supernatural grace—is not a proper subject for fiction, when it seems to me, the interworkings, intertwinings of natural grace and supernatural grace (or the lack of it) are the only subjects for fiction, from the Greek tragedians on down. Baldwin smashes straight through that delusion.

". . . I read John Horne Burns' **The Gallery** in Rome some years ago and was impressed by it. It has a lot of what James called 'felt life' in it. I can't agree with you—if I read you right—that we are a long way from James these days. I'd say we have still a long way to go to get anywhere near the fringe of his garment. For anybody writing in English, any step out of that orbit is a mis-step. (I am referring to the architecture of James's novels, not his style.)

". . . Tom Eliot said years ago that Dante and Shakespeare had divided the literary world between them. I have been thinking of late years that three men are struggling for the 'soul' of contemporary fiction: Henry James, Walt Whitman and Herman Melville. The struggle goes on far underground, with only rumblings to tell us how it goes. My money is on James. As for Melville, he seems to me a Titan—a giant—doing what the giants were always doing, trying to upset the order of the universe. For me the key to **Moby Dick** lies in one line: '—the fair, girlish forehead of the ship.' Melville was haunted by the myth of Euceladus, the Titan who kept hurling himself against Jove's chariot after his limbs were smitten off. Ahab, like all the Titans, was bent on reversing the immemorial order in which Heaven represents the masculine intellect, earth, chaos or **prima materia** which has to be shaped by the masculine intellect . . . Dreiser knew this (even if he didn't **know** he knew it) or he would not have called one of his novels the **Titan.**

". . . I have come to believe that there is only plot (the scheme of Redemption) and that any short story, or novel, any fiction, (detective story, folk tale, any story anywhere in any time) is a splinter, so to speak, of that plot—if it's good. Analyze Flaubert's

Henry James

Un Coeur Simple. Flaubert is still on the **Index**, but the **Simple Heart** is the story of a saint. There is only one author, the Holy Ghost and only one book, a book made up of His revelations—even if we get hold of only one page at a time."

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ATRE: The nmittee

by Donovan Bess

The Committee, of Broadway, San Francisco, has now tried its hand at manhood on Broadway, New York. The agony of the puberty rites in September was not nearly so terrible as had been expected, considering that this little nightclub troupe had had the gall to get itself famous three thousand miles away from civilization. The New York Post man was really awfully nice, in his review of the show, but of course that is only a tabloid. The Times man dutifully damned it with faint praise. What more can a man do for an outfit that came east from a virtually uninhabited frontier town located somewhere west of Chicago?

The Times man showed his breeding by feeling that The Committee's skit about capital punishment was rather obvious. Capital punishment is fairly obvious, and so was the skit. The scene opens with the warden, the priest and the governor surrounding the man strapped to the electric chair.

Prisoner: You guys are murdering me, you know that, don't you?

Governor: Now, son, you're overwrought. It's not us that are doing this, son, it's society.

Warden: I'm just doing my job.

Prisoner: Get another job.

Governor: I have to ask you if you've any last words.

Prisoner: Yeah — screw you.

Warden: Now look, son, you're not going to get anywhere with that kind of attitude.

The electricity fails. The warden, the governor and the priest beat the man to death.

That is not nice, and it is not subtle. It is a far cry from the slick comedies, endearing musicals and noble tragedies that make up the customary theatrical environment of the Manhattan critics. Anybody can see that the governor is politics, that so often interferes with morality; that the warden is sloth and cowardice; and that the priest is the incubus of non-Christian conservatism that has almost suffocated Christianity. (The Christian churchgoers, who scuttled fair housing in the city of Berkeley last year, are about to march to the polls again and presumably will pass Proposition 14 so as to give bigotry the protection of California's constitution.)

Many of The Committee's skits are extremely obvious, if not juvenile (average age of the company, 29). They make their arguments by cutting images into your brain. The eight actors of the troupe don't care if you find them juvenile, because they are too busy, meanwhile, turning the knife around in your world-weary, life-wary heart. Their instant theater at 622 Broadway has become a forum and a club and a warm little island for thousands of exurbanite liberals who have no town square (just drive-ins) and no viable church or political party in which to celebrate honest ideals.

The Committee established itself in April, 1963, in a building converted from a bocce-ball court, and sandwiched between hot-music clubs. The majority in the audiences are students from colleges and universities, and restless young marrieds. There is the usual crowd of conversation-piece collectors — the kind of middle-aged couples who used to go watch the "beatniks" at the Co-Existence Bagel Shop or drop in at Finocchio's nightclub to observe the inverts. Back in the suburbs, it is a badge of tolerance to say you have seen The Committee.

. . . a badge of tolerance . . .

As in Manhattan, the San Francisco Bay Area critics had to perform the honored rituals of sophisticated aloofness toward an experimental group with no New York or London pedigree. But some of the worried notices turned out to be very useful to the young project. A columnist for the Oakland Tribune warned that "much of their work is of the 'sick' nature." He thought the skit on capital punishment was pretty sick; and he singled out another sequence that spoke of the C.I.A. with something less than adoration. This buildup from the right-wing newspaper published by William Knowland was augmented with a plug from a San Francisco columnist, Paul Speegle, who had dropped in while the gang was working over our Puritanical heritage in sex, nudity and Little Boys' Rooms. Speegle deplored the "discussion of bodily functions."

The people couldn't wait to be depraved

The people couldn't wait to be depraved. As of August 1, about 230,000 paid admissions had been taken.

"All we're doing," said Alan Myerson, the producer-director, "is walking through a hypocritical world, pointing."

The hypocrites of San Francisco apparently love to be pointed at. The mayor, John F. Shelley, recently issued a wordy proclamation commending The Committee, and the San Francisco Chronicle wrote an editorial that gave it equal status with such a non-satirical organization as the Giants' baseball club. These kisses of respectability have not mellowed the Committeemen. (Example: in a simulated panel discussion, a Pentagon general was asked what was being done to "stamp out peace." He replied: "We're working very closely with the C.I.A. — the Cuban Invasion Agency.")

"Our main philosophical point," says My-

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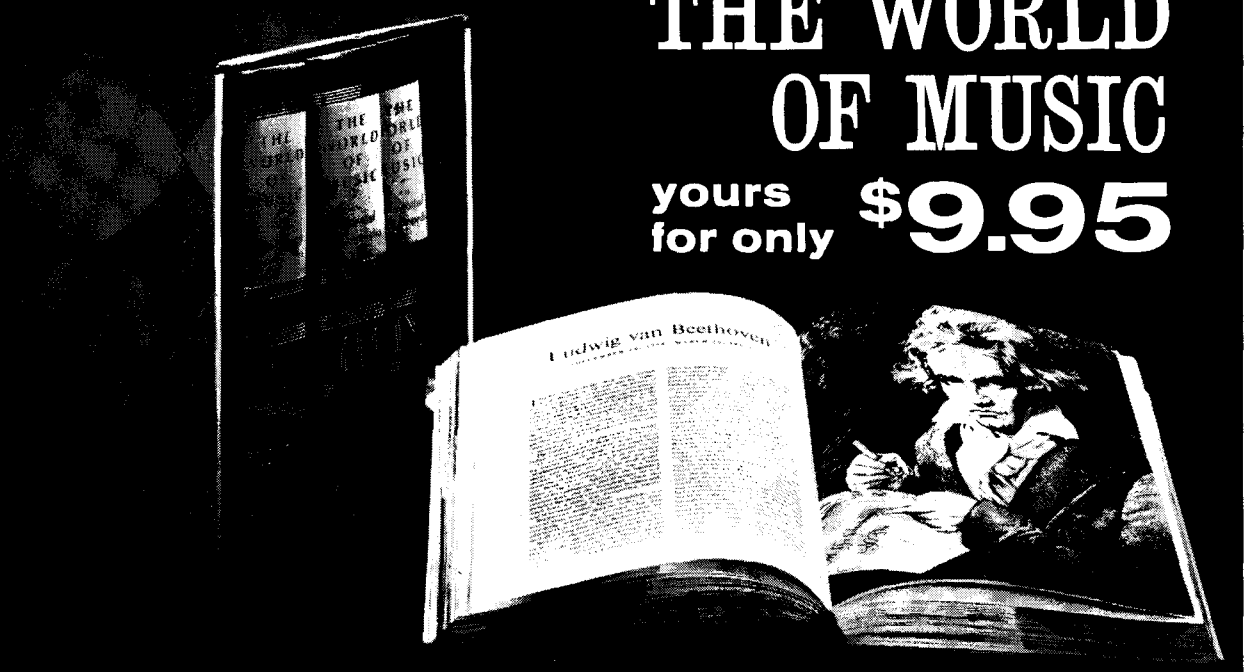

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The Committee in person

erson, "is that we're all in the same boat together and it's pretty leaky."

The juvenilia of The Committee includes a charming sense of adventure, on or off stage. For off-stage openness, take the case of Garry Goodrow, a former jazz saxophonist, who has a degree from Columbia University in comparative literature. This actor has a face that looks perpetually sad and perplexed in the tradition of Buster Keaton. Recently, while lounging over coffee with a friend and groping for a key, he pulled out a tubular piece of translucent rock someone had given him the evening before. "You know what this is?" he asked his friend. "It's a petrified jelly bean. It definitely proves the existence of a prior civilization." Goodrow's extracurricular sense of fun was employed last year when the Bay Area Anti-Digit Dialing League was trying to stave off the all-number telephone system. Goodrow made a tape in the disemboweled voice of a telephone company recording and dialed people at random. They heard the voice say: "This is a recording. I am sorry, but you have answered an incorrect phone call. Please hang up and make sure that next time you are answering a correct call."

t petrified lly bean."

On-stage, the actors are just as open to the frictions or harmonies of the world around them. During one scene, for example, actor Hamilton Camp was visiting an imaginary icebox when a spectator leaned forward from the audience and handed him a ham sandwich. He ate it during the scene and made the eating meaningful.

Such openness appeals to the young. But one prominent San Francisco intellectual, Kenneth Rexroth, brushed The Committee's efforts to one side as "all like charades in a Quaker Work Camp." In this attempted expression of contempt, Rexroth happened upon the core of The Committee's appeal. Myerson, as director, has been accused of Communistic leanings. He calls himself an anarchist. Actually, he is closer to the existentialist philosophy of Martin Buber than he is to blueprint makers like Marx and Freud. He does not hesitate to respond to any challenge he feels is un-American, and his actions spring out of a quietude and dedication that are not dissimilar to the Quaker's commitment. His audiences can count on the Committeemen stabbing repeatedly into the double talk and insanities of the generation that gave us Dwight David Eisenhower, J. Edgar Hoover, Elvis Presley, Dean Rusk, Billy Graham, Lee Harvey Oswald and Clare Booth Luce.

e charades in a ker Work Camp."

The folks in Myerson's audiences, with the aid of a drink at the elbow, cannot have enough of angry-young-manliness. They yipped in ecstasy at a mock panel discussion criticizing Max Rafferty, California's right-wing superintendent of public instruction, for his efforts to ban the Dictionary of American Slang from the public schools. In this skit, a Raffertian educator declared: "We are going to burn this book, and then burn all the shelves it's on, and if that doesn't work, we'll try burning a town or two." This does not set a record for subtlety. It is not very funny. But it is one way of being manly in an age when book burners are trying to get their man into the White House. It is not unnatural for a fellow like Rexroth to stand well above this battle and gaze down through a monocle darkly. But for the boxed-in youngsters who are trying to grow up in our synthetic age, it is nice to know that somewhere in this country, on six nights of the week, eight warm-hearted Americans are conducting a "Quaker Work Camp" for the faithful and the infidels alike — and don't care who lectures them for "playing charades."

". . . we'll try burning a town or two."

Goodrow and Scott Beach, a former drama teacher at Concordia College in Minnesota, are known as the "intellectuals" of the troupe. "Nixon first got me interested in politics," Goodrow said. "It fascinated me that he might become the President of the United States." His continued interest in Republican candidates showed itself last July during the Republican National Convention.

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On a series of TV convention shows by The Committee, Goodrow identified himself as "president of the FAFFAAUAFACASAWRIC." And that, he explained, stands for "Free Americans for Free American Action under a Free American Constitution as Soon as We Rewrite It Council." Scott Beach, pretending to be an amoral and overpolished TV interviewer, asked if FAFFAAUAFACASAWRIC had a slogan. "One nation over God," Goodrow replied.

Myerson got The Committee started through a skillful saturation of San Francisco's cocktail set. While here on a vacation from his job as director of "Second City" in Chicago, in 1962, Myerson promptly grasped the fact that no San Franciscan can bear to be in an out-group. So he developed the idea that it was In to help The Committee. Within three weeks, fifty-six angels had put up $60,000. They included Mark Schorer, Eugene Burdick and six psychiatrists. Wouldn't you like to give something and get into that class? But Myerson is no longer making eyes at the rich.

...Mark Schorer, Eugene Burdick, and six psychiatrists.

When The Committee began rehearsals, most of the actors were not up on foreign and national affairs. Myerson subscribed to thirteen periodicals, including the New York Times, the Nation, the New Republic, the National Review and the Manchester Guardian. He left copies lying around the dressing rooms.

"Alan taught me how to think," said Larry Hankin, a tall, stand-up comic who looks half-fox and half-man. "When I look at a news article now, I become irate the way Myerson would become irate." To generate angriness, Myerson holds weekly seminars of the cast; he asks them questions such as, "What was the newspaper story that offended you the most during the week?"

This in-training sometimes produces interesting insights on stage. During the Republican convention, Scott Beach posed as a radio street-microphone interviewer. When he asked Hankin — as a man-in-the-street — what he thought of Senator Goldwater, Hankin replied, "If by some chance the man is a paranoid schizophrenic, well then, that just means that we have a country where a paranoid schizophrenic can become President."

Mayor Shelley's 315-word proclamation for The Committee did not mention that the theater has become a major financial and moral center for liberal causes. The company has donated a dozen of its evenings to benefits for such organizations as CORE, SNCC and Radio Station KPFA. When the theater is dark on Mondays, it is up for grabs, apparently. Paul Krassner, editor of The Realist, was given the premises to raise money for his impious journal. George Lincoln Rockwell has been offered the hall for a Nazi rally. The Mattachine Society has been invited to convene its homosexuals there.

This hotbed of tolerance is wildly appreciated by visitors from Los Angeles, Orange and San Diego counties, in Southern California — where people are afraid to fly the United Nations flag for fear of private reprisals. One of The Committee's best friends is Art Siedenbaum, the drama critic of the Los Angeles Times. He wants Myerson to set up a Sub-Committee in that land of smog and fringes. "It would test our nerves," he says. It might also test the police force.

LETTERS: The McIntyre backlash

Sirs:

I have nothing but disgust and contempt for your analysis of our magnificent Cardinal McIntyre. Possibly you are one of the members of the "Gay Society," so obviously participating in the demonstrations.

Try reading **Ecclesiam Suam**, and then go to confession!

A Roman Catholic
Los Angeles

Sirs:

Aw come off it, Keating, and act your age. You're one of those "birds" who'd do anything for a buck, anything to peddle your rag.

There isn't a diocese in the country who (sic) has a better "boss" for either padre or lay member (than Cardinal McIntyre) and this includes minority groups, and you know it Keating; cut out the demogoguery (sic).

Edward J. Moloney
Los Angeles

Sirs:

Please don't knock on my door at any future date.

You are **WRONG!**

The Cardinal is **RIGHT!**

In this poor tired world we have **NO** need for any more destrictive (sic) forces such as you have turned out to be.

Daniel Gorham
Supervisor of Registration,
Palm Beach County
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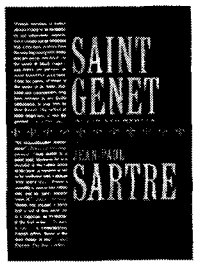

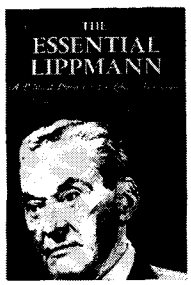

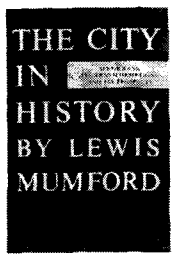

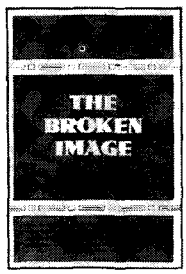

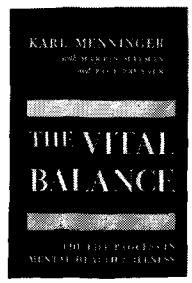

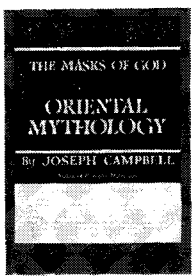

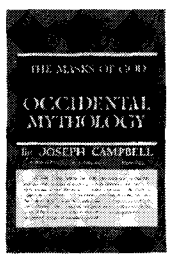

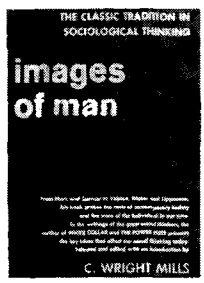

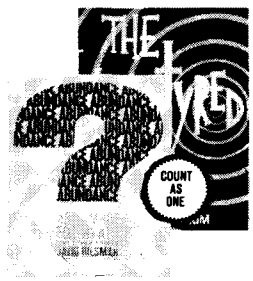

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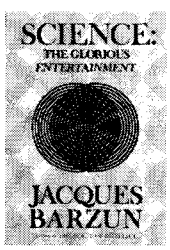

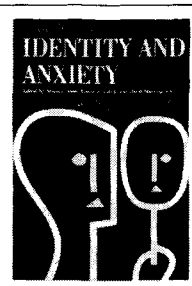

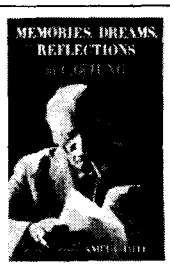

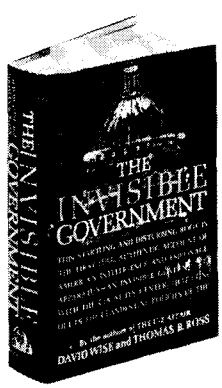

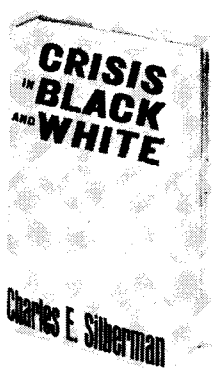

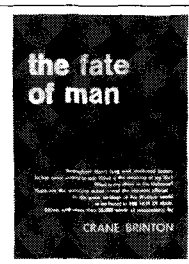

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why

Why is *Monocle* supporting Marvin Kitman for the Presidency?
Because Kitman is the only truly reactionary Republican. Goldwater masquerades as a conservative but he just goes back as far as McKinley. Only Kitman has a platform that is 100 years old.

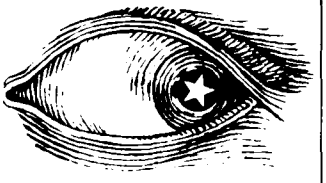
He goes all the way back to Abraham Lincoln's Republican Party Platform of 1864. "I am in favor of abolishing slavery" says Kitman.

HOW

How can *Monocle* help you? The Republican Party has a vacancy for a presidential candidate. Why don't you apply? Read Kitman's account of how to do it ("The Making of a Presidential Candidate") in the new *Monocle*.

WHO

Who is Marvin Kitman?



What are his qualifications?
Kitman is News Managing Editor of *Monocle*. He did such a good job managing the news at *Monocle* that we thought he deserved a shot at the White House. Besides, his wife has a cloth coat, he has 2.7 children and he is the only *Monocle* editor who will be 35 by election day.

WHAT

What about Cuba?
Kitman plans to investigate Democratic bungling over Cuba. In 1853 Pres. Franklin Pierce had a chance to buy Cuba for $8 million. False economy has got us where we are today.

WHAT

What issues does Kitman plan to raise?
He would prefer not to drag issues into the campaign. He wants to campaign strictly on personality because his friends tell him he has a winning personality. Also, he thinks raising issues is hypocritical. But if anyone raises the religious issue he will point out he's twice as Jewish as Goldwater.

WHAT

What does *Monocle* think about the other candidates? In our current issue we predict who *The New Yorker*, *Holiday*, *Reader's Digest*, *National Review* and other family magazines will support. For instance, according to *Monocle*, *Time* will have this to say:

"One day last summer Clare Luce, nymphet-svelte in a rhinestone-studded chainmail bikini, dipped a tentative toe in the water while Henry Luce watched at poolside. 'Goddam it, Clare,' said Henry, 'Stop diddling and jump the hell in.' No diddler she, Clare jumped. Tuesday last, Clare took the plunge again, announced at a press conference attended by 942 former *Time* cover subjects she would seek the Republican Presidential nomination."

WHAT

DOES MONOCLE THINK ABOUT

Norman Mailer's Letters to Himself

Barry Goldwater As Tarzan

George Romney's Fasts

The Macmillan Company's handling of J.F.K.: The Man and the Myth

Southern Registrars

Renaming Congress "The Senior Citizens' League"

A Plan to Repay Mme. Nhu's Creditors

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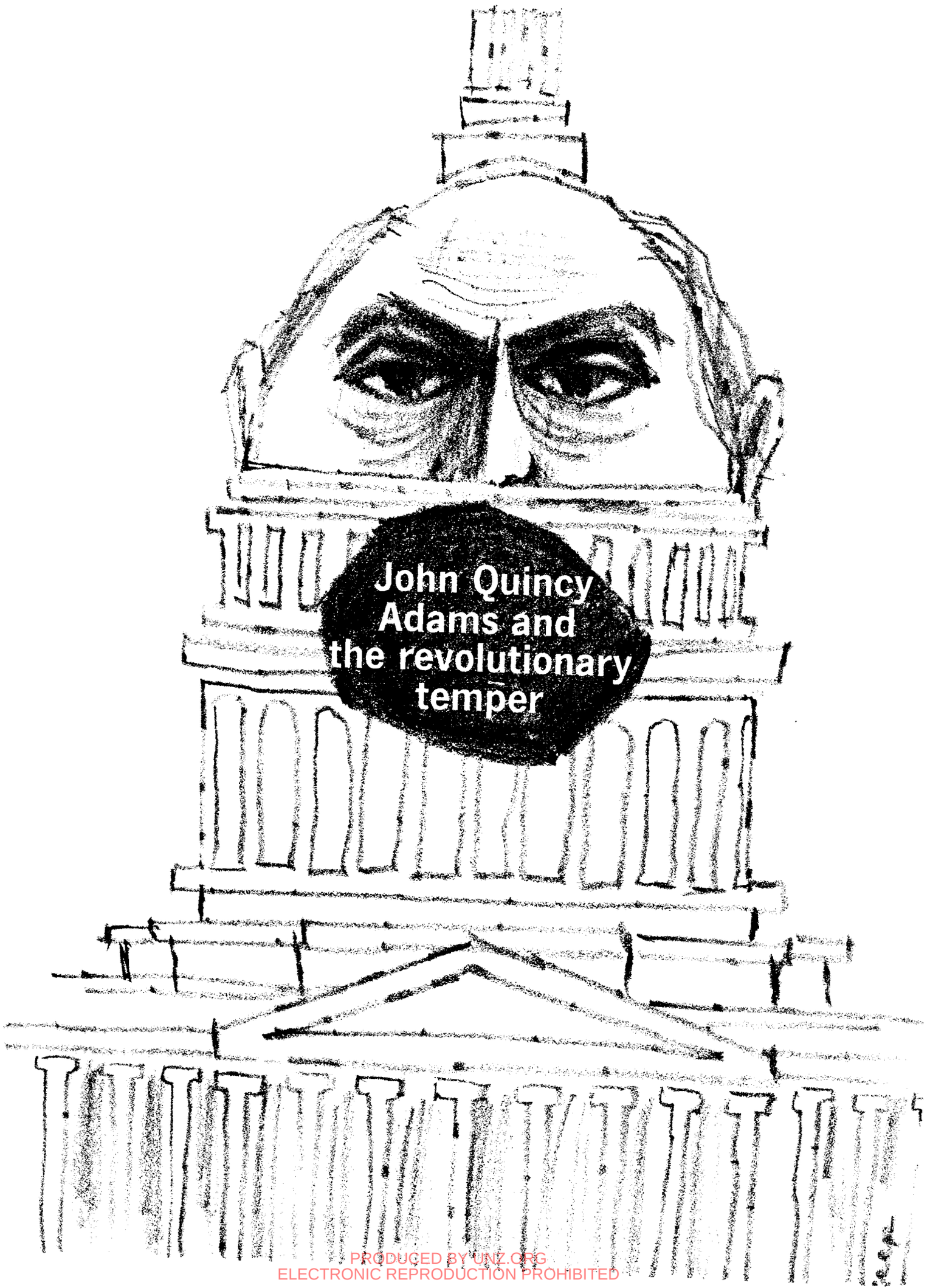

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When John Quincy Adams was defeated by Jackson for the Presidency, after one term in office, the thing that struck most in his craw was Old Hickory's ignorance and illiteracy. Adams said savagely that Jackson could not write a sentence of grammar and could hardly spell his name. His first, agonized response, when returning to Quincy, Massachusetts as a completely used-up casualty of the political wars, was to record in his journal a series of Hamlet-like soliloquies. These were intended for public view, later on, bitter and violent as they were. He held nothing back, feeling that he, like Hamlet, was over-reached by external and understandable evil and cabals, and not by any irresistible power of darkness in himself.

He wrote he had "no plausible motive for wishing to live, when everything that I foresee of futurity makes death desirable and when I have the clearest indications that it is near at hand. Among the decays of age when I cannot dissemble to myself is a falling off of the disciplines of the mind. My house is a hospital of invalids. My cough continues, varying in its symptoms, but no better. I consult a doctor and he leaves trash which will tease me and leave me just where I am." His melodramatic plunge over the precipice of doom became so extreme that this supremely rational man began, against his will, to find cosmic significance in his reading lamp suddenly going out, through lack of oil. He read into this the end of the Revolutionary experiment in which his family had such an enormous stake.

In page after page of empurpled self-eulogy and despair, he creates a prose requiem of some Olympian, dying. He evokes a portrait of a gaunt, overpowering figure of a man sitting erect with great effort in his writing chair while a life as grandiloquent, as casually magnanimous, as teemingly populated as a vast city, ebbs away until there is left a monumental ruin, more awe-inspiring at the end than at the brilliant beginning and the grandiose climax. The frail flesh congeals into marble before the reader's eyes.

He was not like this at all. He was a fussy little bald headed man wheezing through his sixties and seventies with a shrill voice that cracked under the weight of emotion, and that emotion was generally uncontainable anger and annoyance. So undignified was he that, when he was in the White House, he went in the hot spells to the banks of the Potomac, undressed and plunged in, perfectly nude, and swam happily about in the company of any casual bathers or rollicking children there to share his state of nature.

His appetite for vituperation of those who disagreed with him is unmatched in our history. He not only did not hesitate to accuse those who opposed him of the most abhorrent crimes, but of personality defects glaringly present in himself. He wrote, of Jackson, "He is one of our tribe of great men who turn disease into a commodity . . . like John Randolph, who for forty years was always dying. Jackson is so ravenous of notoriety that he craves the sympathy for sickness as a portion of his glory. He is now alternately giving out his chronic diarrhea and making Warren bleed him for a pleurisy, and posting to Cambridge for a Doctorate of Laws. . . . Four fifths of his sickness is trickery and the other fifth fatigue. . . ."

Yet he had no qualms about loading down his journal and the spirits of his family with the following dismal complaints: "Another painful day, with a gathering eruption on my right hand. It suspends most of my labor in the garden and the nursery, and of my head in the chamber. Mrs. Adams sent for Doctor Woodward to whom I made a history of my complaints, my constitution and almost all of my life. He prescribed sundry remedies, some of which I shall perhaps try, but with a strong conviction that my only effectual remedies are patience and resignation, above all, for my last change."

A few days later, still unaccountably among the living, he wails . . . "In the multitudinous whimsies of a disabled body and mind, the thick-coming fancies often occur to me that the events which affect my life and adventures are specially shaped to disappoint my purpose. My whole life has been a succession of disappointments. I can scarcely recollect a single instance of success in anything I ever undertook. The state of my health is irretrievable."

Then a small ground swell arose in his district to send him back to Washington as a Representative. He protested, feebly, that he did not want to go back into office. He was elected, and the sulphurous glow of his journal quickened to incandescence. "My election as President was not half so gratifying. No election gave me so much pleasure, but the dearest of my friends have no sympathy with my sensations."

His family thought it was grossly humiliating for him to return to Washington on this level, expecting him to settle grumpily into the role of the elder statesman who has done his best for his country and sits back to watch, with malignant satisfaction, the errors and terrors of his successor. He angrily brushed them aside. He ignobly craved to be right, to be justified. He found there was some life in the midst of death, and he went to Congress, to carry on his dying there for sixteen of the most tumultuous, effective and magnificent years any death-bed has displayed.

But he was a great man, and he did have his selfless

by truman nelson

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side. His prior terms in office had been long agonies of frustration and abuse from rattle-brained frontier politicians. He knew the South, carried forward by the fluid weight of its turgid rhetoric into supranationalism, would make him their Northern whipping boy, and repetitiously vent upon him, the same personal, rancorous, and desperate attacks of old. The increasingly bombastic threats of disunion, from the Southern members, and their frenzied grabbing and occupying of the Indian lands, convinced him that they were set on breaking up the Union. He thought, by the elevation of his presence he could stand in the House as a revolutionary reminder and prevent them from destroying, by default, the new best hope of man. He resolved to work for unity, not to enter the slavery struggle, but always to act with calmness and discretion, basing all his actions on nationally agreed-on constitutional principles.

To do this he would have to curb his temper. "Dissimulation I cannot practice" he writes, from a heart packed like a bomb with resentment against the pro-slavery defilement of the Revolution. "Passion can do nothing but mischief. I walk between burning plowshares and have no support on earth, and with a fearful foreboding that every effort I could make for the good of my country would recoil in evil upon myself and family."

Men like Adams exude their own vulnerability, and if they talk long enough on any subject they reveal the cloven hoof of their own revolutionary natures. The element he could not disguise or repress was a raging contempt for the three bestriding colossi of the Congress, Calhoun, Webster and Clay. "Calhoun is the high priest of Moloch, the embodied spirit of slavery. In his system of nullification his learning is shallow, his mind argumentative, and his assumption of principle destitute of discernment." Webster was "a heartless traitor to the cause of human freedom. He traffics with slavemongers . . . such is human nature in the gigantic intellect, the envious temper and the rotten heart of Daniel Webster." Henry Clay's "morals, public and private, are loose . . . as President his administration would be a perpetual succession of intrigue. It would be sectional in spirit and sacrifice all interests to those of the Western country and the slaveholders."

REVERBERATING ECHOES of these sentiments got around, and the embattled Abolitionists, looking in vain for a congressional champion to break the strangle hold of this triumvirate on the destiny of the country, made their way to Adams and demanded he serve them in this wise. He put them off, brusquely and guiltily. He had a horror of being caught out in association with any organization under attack. He knew it was useless, if accused of being an Abolitionist, to simply and truthfully deny it. He had been accused of being a Mason at a time when that organization was being condemned for subverting the country, and his supporters pleaded with him to make a public and spirited denial. But Adams had all the deep suspiciousness of the genuine radical, the awareness that ideas and principles are put down far more often by foul, rather than fair, means, and he told them it was naïve to deny membership in any organization because his accusers would, as a matter of routine, meet his denials with a complete set of records from a fictitious lodge and a handsome forgery of his signature.

The Abolitionists insisted, on their rights as citizens, to have him present their interminable petitions praying for the abolition of slavery and the slave trade in the District of Columbia. He said he would do this as a matter of duty, but he would not support the sense of the appeal. This drove them into paroxysms of confusion and disappointment. They alternated between calling him "Old Man Eloquent" and a sell-out to the slavedrivers, but for five years Adams stood up dutifully and presented abolitionist petitions, never failing, in his crotchety way, to say that he was against them. The South tolerated them in silence and they were laid on the table to collect dust. Then Sam Houston routed the Mexican Army in the Battle of San Jacinto, and a great drive began to annex Texas to the United States. To Adams, this was the visible culmination of all his fears: the high-tide of the land-jobbing, slave-jobbing, rights-of-man-jobbing backwash which was sweeping away the landmarks erected by the revolutionary fathers. He looked, from first to last, on the Texas Movement as a pro-slavery conspiracy against a free people.

After San Jacinto, to raise the question of slavery in any form on the floor of Congress, was to create a gap through which the pent-up objections of the North to the Texas maneuver could burst. The next time Adams offered an anti-slavery petition, it was shouted down. The next step was to process a rule that, since Congress had no power to interfere with slavery anywhere, and since such agitation would be disquieting to national unity, all petitions relating to slavery should be laid on the table without discussion and no further action taken. When Adams was called upon to vote *yes* or *no* on the gag resolution, after being denied the floor to speak on the question, he said, in his quavering voice, "I hold that resolution to be a direct violation of the Constitution of the United States, the rules of this House, and the rights of my constituents."

He was shouted down by a whirlwind of rancor. The Speaker demanded that he answer the question properly, *yes* or *no*, and Adams broke the rules by a statement. In the turbulence of this passage of parliamentary arms there came a great moment in the conscience of mankind. Adams had made his decision to meet the forces of slavery head on, here in Congress and before the world, and with the leverage of the guarantee in the Bill of Rights that Congress shall make no law abridging the right of the people to petition the government for a redress of grievances.

He knew exactly what he was getting into. His analysis in his journal proves it without a doubt. "Slavery in the South was a perpetual agony of conscious

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terror and guilt attempting to disguise itself under sophistical argumentation and braggart menaces. In the North, the people favor the whites and fear the blacks of the South," he wrote. He was seventy years old; he knew if he began this battle, he would be locked in a death struggle with the brute force of men who had the power to whip their servants to death at a refusal or a taunt. The insults and the defamations to be heaped on him would horrify his family, who were already furious because he had exchanged the vested interest of a retired President, the son of a President, the head of a ruling family, for the cockpit of a dubious and inglorious squabble. He stood there in his dignified decrepitude, trembling at the hams, blinking his weak and inflamed eyes, so defective that the water would constantly trickle down his cheeks, his hands shaking so badly that he had to steady one with the other, his voice shrill, weak, cracking so badly that the other congressmen had to leave their desks and gather around him to hear what he was saying . . . stood there and fired the first blast of a continuous battle lasting to his death, literally, on the floor. It was a battle which increased rather than waned in its intensity, and in which he was able, by the slightest comment, to lash the backs of the slavedrivers raw, sending them into such helpless frenzies of rage that they would leave the House in a body under his attacks. He aroused, in most quarters of the North, almost as much hostility as Southward. The more the other congressmen attacked him, the more eloquent he grew. It seemed to them that he was inhaling their hostility, their outrage and their hatred like reviving jets of pure oxygen. He goaded them, day in, day out, on every issue in which the spectre of slavery could be raised. There was no one there who could send the young squires of the peculiar institution into a blind fury any quicker or more economically than he could . . . nor was there any other member who concealed less the gratification that the brow-beating of another man could bring him. He was unceasingly insulting, irascible, out-of-order, ill-tempered, vituperative and alone . . . and he was magnificent and he glowed with the unquenchable luminosity of the prophet who is always right.

The Abolitionists now began to seek him out in droves, begging him to take a significant position in their leadership. He answered them almost as querulously as he did the slaveowners. "The most insignificant error of conduct in me at this time would be my irredeemable ruin. Both political parties are watching with intense anxiety for some overt act by me to set the whole pack of their hireling presses on me. The Abolitionists are constantly urging me to indiscreet movements, which would ruin me and weaken, not strengthen their cause. My own family, on the other hand, exercise all the influence they possess to restrain and divert me from all connection with the Abolitionists and their cause. Between these adverse impulses, my mind is agitated almost to distraction. I walk on the edge of a precipice almost every step I take. I have

"He stood there in his dignified decrepitude . . ."

gone as far on abolition as the public will bear in the free portion of the Union, and scarcely a slave-owning member of the House dares vote with me on any issue. I have been sustained in my own state, but one step further and I hazard my own standing and influence there, my own final overthrow, and the cause of liberty itself for an indefinite time, certainly for more than my remnant of life. Were there in the House one member capable of taking the lead in this cause of universal emancipation, which is moving forward in the world and this country, I would withdraw from the contest, which will rage with increasing fury as it draws to its crisis, but for the management of which my age, infirmities and approaching end totally disqualify me. There is no such man in the House."

There is one feature of Adams' character, the splendors of which cannot be overstressed. That is the fullness of his contact with the real world, his unsentimentality about the "people" and his constant awareness that the faltering of friends is twice as deadly as the onslaught of enemies. He knew exactly where he was and the precariousness of his position. He did not expect any "help" turning up in the nick of time from some mystic source. "When a country is prosperous," he writes, "the people let nothing disturb them but their own waywardness and corruption and split up into gangs supporting A., B., or C. without knowing why they prefer one to another." Nor did he put any complacent faith in his connections with the leadership of a gifted elite; since he left the halls of Harvard, he claimed that Harrison Gray Otis, Timothy Pickering, Theophilus Parsons, John C. Calhoun, Andrew Jackson, Daniel Webster and John Randolph were

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only *a few* of the great names who had "used up their faculties in base and dirty tricks to thwart my progress in life and destroy my character." And as the Abolitionist Movement increased in numbers, force and zeal, Adams knew they would only fan the fires against them. . . . "The passions of the people are all engaged against them."

But men like Adams do not need the unwavering support of vast majorities and an intellectual elite to support them in every move. When the time comes, the help arrives, the progress of the world has proven this, but the rugged path to human liberation is strewn with the demolished sentimentalities of those pseudo-revolutionaries who cannot understand why the people let them down.

THE GIFTED GENERATOR of controversy finds some way of wedging himself between the armor plate of repressed questions so that to dislodge him, the whole structure of the repression has to be dismantled. In January, 1837, Adams received a petition supposedly from twenty-two slaves demanding that he cease and desist from offering petitions for their emancipation, as it only aggravated their servitude. He was about to toss this aside as a crude joke from the master's hand when an inspiration struck him. Two questions could be belabored with this significant paper: whether a petition from slaves, even in the Southern interest, could be received; or whether the paper, in its referral to slavery, *had* to be received and tabled under the gag resolution, which stated all such petitions were to be received and tabled without being read. This would put the Speaker in the awful dilemma of receiving and tabling a petition from slaves, a dangerous precedent, or of not letting it be read, and so not knowing what insurrectionary evidence it contained, or who the petitioners were. On the other hand, if it *was* read, or if it was not received, it would go against a favored resolution to which there were no exceptions nor qualifications.

This infuriating little man, with his hands trembling, the unchecked tears of excitement streaming down his crabbed face, rose in the bored House and said in his shaky, almost inaudible voice, "Mr. Speaker, I have in my possession a paper, on which I wish to have the decision of the Speaker. The paper comes from twenty-two persons declaring themselves to be slaves. . . ." The Speaker, James Knox Polk, a slaveholder and the President-to-be, watched Adams warily as the old man asked if he would consider this paper as coming under the rules of the House. Polk said if Adams brought him the paper, he could answer the question. Some of the Southern members, eighty of which were slaveholders, offered to carry the paper up from Adams, but he withheld it, saying piously, he did not want it read, against the rule of the House. Then, Adams said, the torrid zone was in commotion. Southern members rose, amid cries of "Expel him, expel him!" to demand that the paper be committed to the flames, topping this with the outcry that the member who had the audacity of presenting a petition for slaves demanding their own freedom, should be brought to the stake and burned. Nullifiers urged Southern members to go home rather than stay and be contaminated by exposure to petitions from slaves.

During all this, Adams could have quite easily told the House the truth about the petition, that it actually called for his expulsion for offering abolitionist petitions, but his revolutionary temper was up and he stood mute, with a bitter smile on his pale lips. After a scene of prolonged chaos, order was established for a whole series of condemning resolutions which took the time of the House for three days. Adams was to be censured, cast out, even indicted by a Grand Jury of the district as an incendiary and a felon. A Representative from Virginia began to notice the Northern members approach Adams and depart, chuckling. Adams finally told a Southern member that the petition actually prayed for what they ardently desired, his expulsion from the House. This brought on a new series of attacks on him for compromising the dignity of the House with a hoax.

After four days of violent invective and threat against him by an overwhelming majority of members, all of whom had been personally insulted by his hoax, his arrogance and contempt, only twenty-two voted even indirectly and remotely to censure. All resolutions against him were lost. The rule of the House that slavery was not to be discussed was grossly violated by the very men who had clamped it on. The Abolitionists could not understand why Adams would not now openly join their cause and sit on their platform. But he was fearful about what the voters of his district would feel about his wasting the government's time and money on an enormous joke.

"Upon this subject of anti-slavery my principles and my position make it necessary to be more circumspect in my conduct than belongs to my nature. The exposure through which I passed at the late session of Congress was greater than I could have imagined possible; and having escaped from that fiery furnace, it behooves me well to consider my ways before I put myself in the way of being cast into it again."

But he did, of course, allow himself to be cast into the furnace and the second time it was ten times hotter than before. This was on January 25, 1842, when he took from an untidy pile of petitions on his desk one signed by Benjamin Emerson and forty-five other citizens of Haverhill, Massachusetts. He was now nearly seventy-four years old. The erosions of time were reminding him daily . . . he says, "hourly," of the decay in his body and mind, and creating in him an unquenchable thirst for some repose and relief from his one-sided struggle. He had fallen in the House and dislocated his right shoulder. The slightest chill would now create a smothering hoarseness to make his speech nearly unintelligible. But he found compulsions in his conscience he could not resist, even though he

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quailed at the magnitude and danger of the opposition to any attack upon slavery. "No one else will undertake it; no one but a spirit unconquerable by man, or fiend, can undertake it but with the heart of martyrdom. The world, the flesh, and all the devils in hell are arrayed against any man who now in this North American Union shall dare . . . and what can I, upon the verge of my seventy-fourth birthday, with a shaking hand, a darkened eye, a drowsy brain, and with all my faculties dropping from me one by one, as the teeth are dropping from my head . . . what can I do for the cause of God and man, for the progress of human emancipation? . . . Yet my conscience presses me on; let me but die upon the breach."

Mr. Adams presented the following petition: "The undersigned citizens in Haverhill, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, pray that you will immediately adopt measures peaceably to dissolve the Union of these States. . . ." Three reasons followed: that there was no longer reciprocal benefit between the sections; that one section was draining the resources of another without adequate return; that if these one-sided actions continued, the nation would be destroyed. It never mentioned slavery, but the accursed question was present in every line. When Adams stopped, a long, doom-collecting pause rested over the House. A member got up and said, with the hurt bewilderment of a child, "But this is a petition for the dissolution of the Union." Then Adams said, briskly and offhand, "I move its reference to a select committee, with instructions to report an answer to the petitioners, showing the reason why the prayer of it *ought not* to be answered."

The House remained silent in shock, and then the anger began to rise in the Southern members; an anger doubly corrosive because they could not explode again with the blindness and folly they had displayed in Adam's previous baiting of them. This time they wanted a cooling off period to plan their counterattack and they maneuvered an adjournment with the understanding that a censuring debate would begin the next day. Adams gathered up his papers and left. Two Northern members tried to organize a Northern caucus to help him, but the great majority begged off, saying they did not want to create "a sectional quarrel." Eight Whigs and two Abolitionists met with him in his room and offered their support. He asked for some help with references but said he would fight the total battle alone.

At the Southern caucus a complete plan was laid out for Adams' political extinction. They would hint that he was guilty of subornation of perjury and high treason by calling on the House to perjure its oath to preserve the Union, with a proposition to dissolve it . . . which if passed would be an act of high treason. *But*, they would not seek to punish him directly for this, but pass on him a sentence of high indignation and offer him up to the contempt of the world. What they meant was that they would try him there in the House as a traitor to the revolution of which he was the last great, visible symbol.

> **"But this is a petition for the dissolution of the Union"**

Two young and vigorous members were to be the chief prosecutors; Thomas Marshall, who served the double function of coming from a "western" state, Kentucky, and was of the same blood as the great John Marshall; and Henry Wise of Virginia.

Young Marshall began the attack with some resolutions which did *not*, in set terms, say that Adams had committed treason. Adams declared that they did. And now, under direct attack, what came welling up from his deepest consciousness was a revolutionary affirmation of the right of resistance. He said, cannily, that he had already guarded himself against the charge of treason by stating clearly that he did not think the conclusions in the petition were correct. Then he put the Southern members under a flogging of the most revolutionary character.

"I will show that the Southern portion of the country are trying to destroy the right of Habeas Corpus, trial by jury, and all the rights by which this country exists . . . and prove there is a continued purpose and system to destroy all the principles of civil liberty in the free states, not for the purpose of preserving their institutions within their own limits, but to force their detested principles of slavery into the free states and force us into a war with England to reopen the slave trade. I will show it by documents and I will show it by arguments so that every man in this House shall know it. This is the state of things that exists, and it is provided for in the Declaration, and if there is no other remedy it is time for the Northern people to take the last remedy."

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For a moment, the Southern members thought they had finally trapped Adams, through his temper, into a hopeless position. Their chosen executioner, Henry Wise, rose to give the tired old man the *coup de grace*. He was thirty-five and so excellent an orator that he was being groomed to take the place of the great John Randolph. He began by calling for Washington's Farewell Address to be read to the House, in which the other Virginian had said any attempt to dissolve the Union must come from foreign influence. Wise took off from this to accuse Adams directly of being an English agent, defiling his father's grave by working to return New England to the Crown. Adams had timed this petition to coincide with the British emancipation of West Indian slaves, who were now mustering to invade Southern beaches. England would then seize Cuba, free its slaves and send another wave of black invaders, while Adams stood waiting, "with his incendiary torch, ready to blow the Union into a thousand fragments!" Had not Adams already declared that, in case of an insurrection of the slaves against their masters, if the power of the North should be invoked under the Constitution to aid in suppressing such a servile war, the effect might be emancipation?"

"Yes, Sir!" shouted Adams.

Wise continued in this vein for two days, alternately cursing and crying over Adams. "How could a man who had heard Washington's voice, who had served his country well, run amuck like this? Go on with this, Sir, your moral treason, and you will get your hemp! Let him be a lesson to the young; let them regard Adams as dead as Arnold, as Burr, and let the people look on him, shudder, and retire!" Wise ended with a thunderous assertion that "the principle of slavery is a leveling principle. It is friendly to equality. Break down slavery and you will, by the same blow, destroy the great democratic principle among men!"

Adams knew the massed attack was intended to wear him physically and morally so as to destroy him, not only as a politician, but as a man. He knew he had to hang on, to wear *them* out; to fight a dog-eat-dog delaying action which would prove to the country who was the real revolutionary there. He took the legal tack that the Southerners had accused him of a formal crime (which Marshall repeatedly denied) and, therefore, he had to be tried in a court, according to the Sixth Amendment. The House should, he demanded, dismiss the matter from their jurisdiction. Then, his small, wizened body shaking with emotion, gestureless, favoring his dislocated shoulder, he went to work on Henry Wise.

He said he thought the Speaker should have stopped Wise long before from charging a member of the House with capital crimes, one of which involved the forfeiture of his life. But he had let Wise go on and pour out the *whole* contents of his mind, *which he had*. But he was not disposed to answer him directly, to enter the history of his own life from the cradle, and to ransack every deed, good, bad and indifferent, that he had ever done. But he wanted Wise to remember a moment four or five years ago when another member of the House provided an occasion for the trial of a crime.

He bent his beady gaze on Wise, who began to squirm a little, knowing some awful blow was about to fall on him. "There came into this House then a man with his hands and face dripping with the blood of murder, the blotches of which were yet hanging on him . . . came into this House with hands and face still dripping, when the blood spots were still visible on him . . . and I opposed the trial of that man by this House. . . ."

Everyone looked at Wise, for this terrible indictment had been common gossip about him for his role in the Graves-Cilley duel, wherein his suggestions as a second were unbelievably bloodthirsty. Adams implied that he was deeply wounded by the ingratitude of Wise, whom he had saved from expulsion "although his hands were reeking with murder and that too, the murder of an associate brother member of this House."

Wise broke in violently here to pronounce Adams' charge as "base and black a lie as the traitor was black and base who uttered it!"

Adams shrugged this off and turned to give Mr. Marshall his due. Marshall was a well known drunkard and he must have felt sure that Adams would not spare him the roughest scraping of this open wound. "Where did the gentleman get his law?" Adams demanded. "Surely not from his Uncle." Adams suggested that if Marshall would take the drunkard's pledge and keep it for two or three years he would blush at the intemperance he had just shown, and then, let him go home and go to a good law school and study the profession he had disgraced with his "puny mind."

The rest of the debate, which went on for twelve days, was rather comic. Adams kept saying no convention of slave-drivers was going to try him for *treason*, and the Southerners kept saying that they had not made any such accusation. He kept turning on Marshall and Wise, who were stuck with the attack, although Wise had faded out of it after the blotches-of-blood remark. Marshall was trying to stand his ground, surrounded by his cronies and advisers, and Adams kept saying . . . "It seems the gentleman from Kentucky and his friends were not sufficient to ruin me from their own knowledge of law, but they must receive dirty little pimping notes from A., B., and C. to assist them in the argument."

The fury and viciousness of the encounter had drained attendance away from the Senate; everyone in Washington that could, was watching Adams, fighting like a pit dog. "He drinks sulphuric acid in his tea," Emerson said. Always Adams lashed out at the South, bringing in letters threatening him with assassination, harping on their brutality and ignorance. He was able to provoke a vicious fight between Marshall and Wise in which Marshall denied the validity of Wise's main argument. Wise got up again and again to defend him-

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self, hopelessly, from Adams' charge that in the Cilley duel, he was "more guilty than the man who pulled the trigger." The business of the country was at a standstill. Newspapers North and South were editorializing that the scenes in the House resembled the worst excesses of the French Revolution. The merchants, waiting anxiously for an impending tariff law, claimed they could not ship a pound of export until the Adams fracas stopped and the fanatical old man was put in his place. Adams, on the other hand, complained that the press was ignoring him and launched such an attack on the House reporters that they censored out a whole day's proceedings. He had stirred up so much sludge that the whole history of the country from Washington's day, as it applied to the slavery question, was exhaustively reviewed.

Adams' master strategy of delaying and debating until they all got tired of it, until the slavery question was running out of their ears, worked well. He continually brought charges against the South of counter-revolutionary conspiracy, which he backed up by accounts of his personal conversations with Jefferson, Washington, Madison and Monroe, as to what the Fathers of the country really wanted here. "I come home scarcely able to crawl up to my chamber," he writes, "but with the sound of 'Lo Triumphe' ringing in my ears."

He knew he was gaining ground, but he did not know how long he could keep it up. He was asked how much more time he wanted for his defense and he snapped out, "ninety days." He saw on Saturday of the second week, the House was tiring under his great energies and his terrible reiteration of every feature of slavery which made it ugly in the eyes of the listening world. Sunday he went to church, and his meditations there produced another one of his marvelous Shakespearean apostrophes.

"My attention, morning and afternoon, involuntarily wandered from the preachers and their discourses to the critical nature of my own position; confident of deliverance from this particular assault upon me, so senseless that its malignity merges, by its stupidity, not into innocence, but into harmlessness; but always distrustful of my own control over my own spirit. One hundred members of the House represent slavery; four-fifths of whom would crucify me if their votes could erect the cross; forty members, representatives of the free, in the league of slavery and mock Democracy, would break me on the wheel, if their votes or wishes could turn it around; and four-fifths of the other hundred and twenty are either so cold or so lukewarm that they are ready to desert me at the very first scintillation of indiscretion on my part. The only formidable danger with which I am beset is that of my own temper."

The next day, as he had predicted, the House voted to lay the whole subject on the table forever, after he had said he would give up his time if they would drop the subject. The Haverhill petition was rejected. He had won this fight and felt good about it; the abuse he had taken from the Southerners, he said, were indices to the moral sensibilities of slavery-tainted communities; the threats of lynching and assassination were the natural offspring of the slave-breeders and slave-traders, profanity and obscenity their natural associates. Such dross the fire must purge. Two years later, he received a greater triumph, when, through his placing it, for all these years, between the hammer and anvil of his action and passion, the Gag law was voted down in the House. In 1848, while working at his Congressional desk, he heard the accursed question raised again in one of its mutations, rose to meet it and fell trembling to the floor with a stroke. He really died there but they took him to the Speaker's Room and he lingered on, his indomitable spirit denying his tired body's plea, for a day or so and he went, saying with the resonant clarity of the dying, "This is the last of Earth, I am content."

TRUMAN NELSON, *novelist and essayist, is the author of three historical novels published by Doubleday:* Sin of the Prophet *(1952);* Passion by the Brook *(1953); and* The Surveyor *(1960). He is presently writing a sequel to* The Surveyor, *about John Brown at Harper's Ferry, tentatively entitled* Man's Blood.

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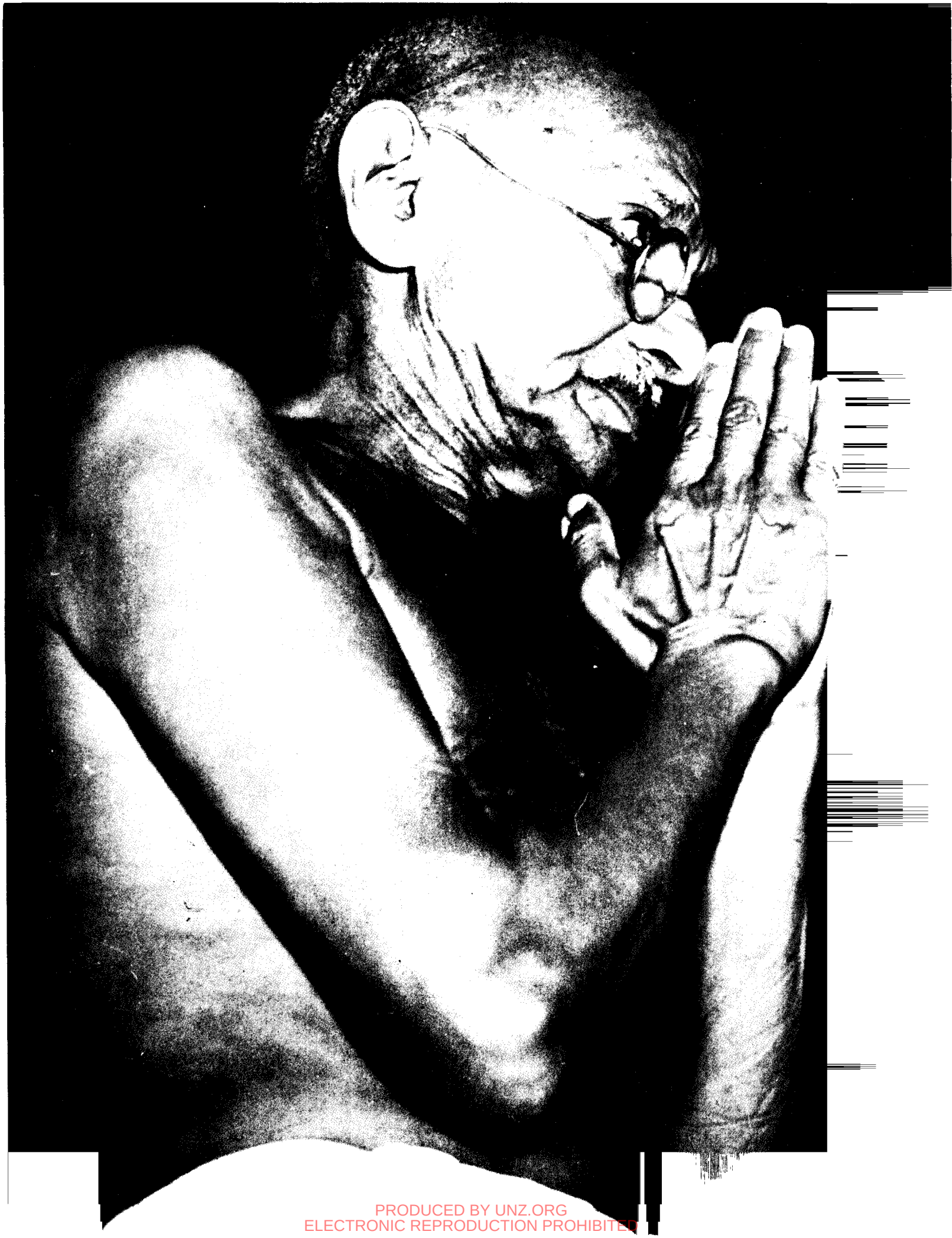

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THE GENTLE REVOLUTIONARY

by Thomas Merton

In 1931 Gandhi, who had been released from prison a few months before, came to London for a conference. The campaign of civil disobedience which had begun with the Salt March had recently ended. Now there were to be negotiations. He walked through the autumn fogs of London in clothes that were good for the tropics, not for England. He lived in the slums of London, coming from there to more noble buildings in which he conferred with statesmen. The English smiled at his bald head, his naked brown legs, the thin underpinnings of an old man who ate very little, who prayed. This was Asia, wise, disconcerting, in many ways unlovely, but determined upon some inscrutable project and probably very holy. Yet was it practical for statesmen to have conferences with a man reputed to be holy? What was the meaning of the fact that one could be holy, and fast, and pray, and be in jail, and be opposed to England all at the same time?

Gandhi thus confronted the England of the depression as a small, disquieting question mark. Everybody knew him, and many jokes were made about him. He was also respected. But respect implied neither agreement nor comprehension. It indicated nothing except that the man had gained public attention, and this was regarded as an achievement. Then, as now, no one particularly bothered to ask if the achievement signified something.

Yet I remember arguing about Gandhi in my school dormitory: chiefly against the football captain, the head prefect, who had come to turn out the flickering gaslight, and who stood with one hand in his pocket and a frown on his face which was not illuminated with understanding. I insisted that Gandhi was right, that India was, with perfect justice, demanding that the British withdraw peacefully and go home; that the millions of people who lived in India had a perfect right to run their own country. Such sentiments were of course beyond comprehension. How could Gandhi be right when he was *odd?* And how could I be right if I was on the side of someone who had the wrong kind of skin, and left altogether too much of it exposed?

A counterargument was offered but it was not an argument. It was a basic and sweeping assumption that the people of India were political and moral infants, incapable of taking care of themselves, backward people, primitive, uncivilized, benighted pagan, who could not survive without the English to do their thinking and planning for them. The British Raj was, in fact, a purely benevolent, civilizing enterprise for which the Indians were not suitably grateful . . .

Infuriated at the complacent idiocy of this argument, I tried to sleep and failed.

Certain events have taken place since that time. Within a dozen years after Gandhi's visit to London there were more hideous barbarities perpetuated in Europe, with greater violence and more unmitigated fury than all that had ever been attributed by the wildest imaginations to the despots of Asia. The British empire collapsed. India attained self-rule. It did so peacefully and with dignity. Gandhi paid with his life for the ideals in which he believed.

As one looks back over this period of confusion and decline in the West, the cold war, and the chaos and struggle of the world that was once colonial, there is one political figure who stands out from all the rest as an extraordinary leader of men. He is radically different from the others. Not that the others did not on occasion bear witness to the tradition of which they were proud because it was Christion. They were often respectable, sometimes virtuous men, and many of them were sincerely devout. Others were at least genteel. Others, of course, were criminals. Judging by their speeches, their programs, their expressed motives, they were civilized. Yet the best that could be said of them may be that they sometimes combined genuine capability and subjective honesty. But apart from that they seemed to be the powerless victims of a social dynamic that they were able neither to control nor to understand. They never seemed to dominate events, only to rush breathlessly after the parade of cataclysms, explaining why these had happened, and not aware of how they themselves had helped precipitate the worst of disasters. Thus with all their good intentions, they were able at best to rescue themselves after plunging blindly in directions quite other than those in which they claimed to be going. In the name of peace, they wrought enormous violence and destruction. In the name of liberty they exploited and enslaved. In the name of man they engaged in

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genocide or tolerated it. In the name of truth they systematically falsified and perverted truth.

Gandhi on the other hand was dedicated to peace, and though he was engaged in a bitter struggle for national liberation, he achieved this by peaceful means. He believed in serving the truth by nonviolence, and his nonviolence was effective insofar as it began first within himself, as obedience to the deepest truth in himself.

It is certainly true that Gandhi is not above all criticism, no man is. But it is evident that he was unlike all the other world leaders of his time in that his life was marked by a wholeness and a wisdom, an integrity and a spiritual consistency that the others lacked, or manifested only in reverse, in consistent fidelity to a dynamism of evil and destruction. There may be limitations in Gandhi's thought, and his work has not borne all the fruit he himself would have hoped. These are factors which he himself sagely took into account, and having reckoned with them all, he continued to pursue the course he had chosen simply because he believed it to be true. His way was no secret: it was simply to follow conscience without regard for the consequences to himself, in the belief that this was demanded of him by God and that the results would be the work of God. Perhaps indeed for a long time these results would remain hidden as God's secret. But in the end the truth would manifest itself.

WHAT HAS GANDHI to do with Christianity? Everyone knows that the Orient has venerated Christ and distrusted Christians since the first colonizers and missionaries came from the West.

Western Christians often assume without much examination that this oriental respect for Christ is simply a vague, syncretistic and perhaps romantic evasion of the challenge of the Gospel: an attempt to absorb the Christian message into the confusion and inertia which are thought to be characteristic of Asia. The point does not need to be argued here. Gandhi certainly spoke often of Jesus, whom he had learned to know through Tolstoy. And Gandhi knew the New Testament thoroughly. Whether or not Gandhi "believed in" Jesus in the sense that he had genuine faith in the Gospel would be very difficult to demonstrate, and it is not my business to prove it or disprove it. I think that the effort to do so would be irrelevant in any case. What is certainly true is that Gandhi not only understood the ethic of the Gospel as well, if not in some ways better, than most Christians, but he is one of the very few men of our time who applied Gospel principles to the problems of a political and social existence in such a way that his approach to these problems was *inseparably* religious and political at the same time.

He did this not because he thought that these principles were novel and interesting, or because they seemed expedient, or because of a compulsive need to feel spiritually secure. The religious basis of Gandhi's political action was not simply a program, in which politics were marshalled into the service of faith, and brought to bear on the charitable objectives of a religious institution. For Gandhi, strange as it may seem to us, political action had to be by its very nature "religious" in the sense that it had to be informed by principles of religious and philosophical wisdom. To separate religion and politics was in Gandhi's eyes "madness" because his politics rested on a thoroughly religious interpretation of reality, of life, and of man's place in the world. Gandhi's whole concept of man's relation to his own inner being and to the world of objects around him was informed by the contemplative heritage of Hinduism, together with the principles of Karma Yoga which blended, in his thought, with the ethic of the Synoptic Gospels and the Sermon on the Mount. In such a view, politics had to be understood in the context of service and worship in the ancient sense of *leitourgia* (liturgy, public work). Man's intervention in the active life of society was at the same time by its very nature *svadharma*, his own personal service (of God and man) and worship, *yajna*. Political action therefore was not a means to acquire security and strength for one's self and one's party, but a means of witnessing to the truth and the reality of the cosmic structure by making one's own proper contribution to the order willed by God. One could thus preserve one's integrity and peace, being detached from results (which are in the hands of God) and being free from the inner violence that comes from division and untruth, the usurpation of someone else's *dharma* in place of one's own *svadharma*. These perspectives lent Gandhi's politics their extraordinary spiritual force and religious realism.

The success with which Gandhi applied this spiritual force to political action makes him uniquely important in our age. More than that, it gives him a very special importance for Christians. Our attitude to politics tends to be abstract, divisive and often highly ambiguous. Political action is by definition secular and unspiritual. It has no really religious significance. Yet it is important to the Church as an institution in the world. It has therefore an *official* significance. We look to the Church to clarify principle and offer guidance, and in addition to that we are grateful if a Christian party of some sort comes to implement the program that has thus been outlined for us. This is all well and good. But Gandhi emphasized the importance of the individual person entering political action with a fully awakened and operative spiritual power in himself, the power of *Satyagraha*, nonviolent dedication to truth, a religious and spiritual force, a wisdom born of fasting and prayer. This is the charismatic and personal force of the saints, and we must admit that we have tended to regard it with mistrust and unbelief, as though it were mere "enthusiasm" and "fanaticism." This is a lamentable mistake, because for one thing it tends to short circuit the power and light of grace, and it suggests that spiritual dedication is and must remain something entirely divorced from political action:

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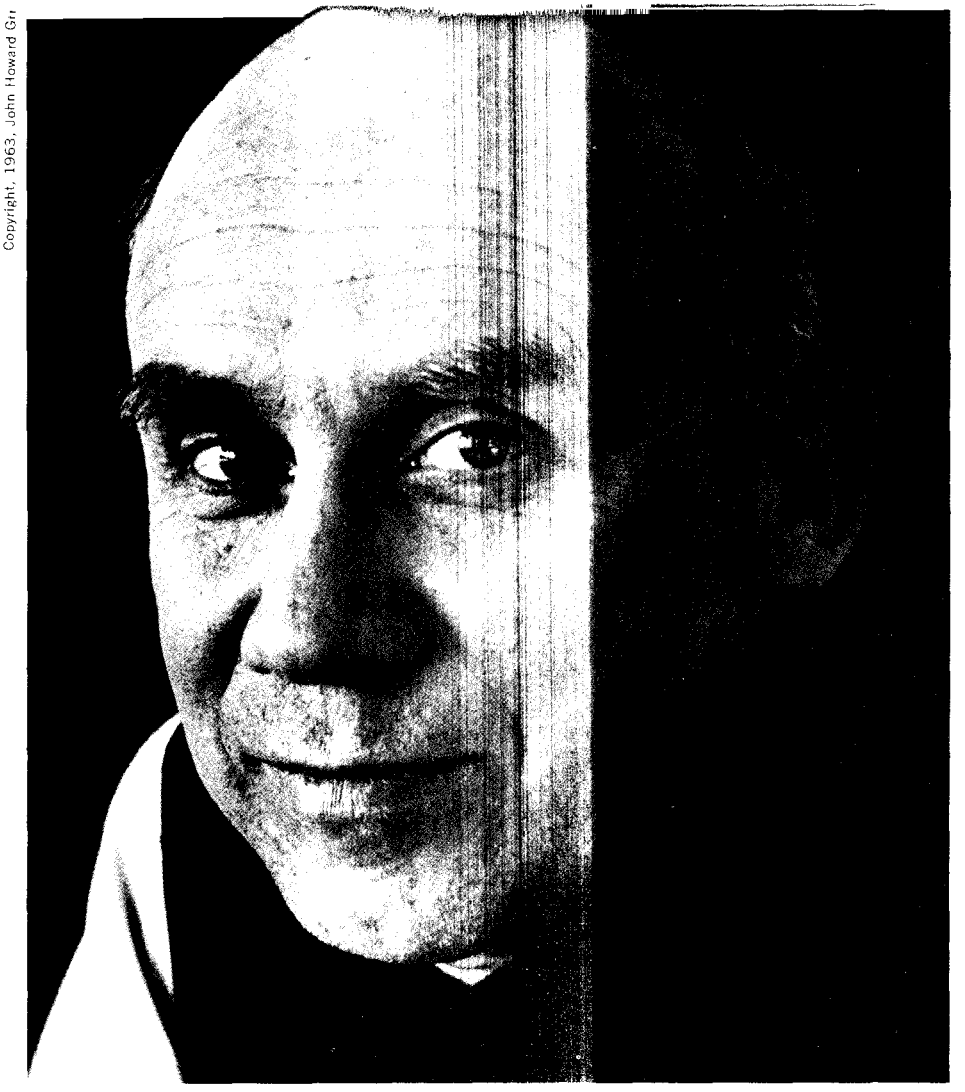
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Thomas Merton

something for the *prie dieu*, the sacristy or the study, but not for the marketplace. This in turn has estranged from the Church those whose idealism and generosity might have inspired a dedicated and creative intervention in political life. These have found refuge in groups dominated by a confused pseudo-spirituality, or by totalitarian messianism. Gandhi remains in our time as a sign of the genuine union of spiritual fervor and social action in the midst of a hundred pseudo-spiritual cryptofascist, or communist movements in which the capacity for creative and spontaneous dedication is captured, debased and exploited by the false prophets.

IN A TIME where the unprincipled fabrication of lies and systematic violation of agreement has become a matter of course in power politics, Gandhi made this unconditional devotion to truth the mainspring of his social action. Once again, the radical difference between him and other leaders, even the most sincere and honest of them, becomes evident by the fact that Gandhi is chiefly concerned with truth and with service, *svadharma*, rather than with the possible success of his tactics upon other people, and paradoxically it was his religious conviction that made Gandhi a great politician rather than a mere tactician or operator. Note that *Satyagraha* is matter for a vow, therefore of worship, adoration of the God of truth, so that his whole political structure is built on this and his other vows (*Ahimsa*, etc.) and becomes an entirely religious system. The vow of *Satyagraha* is the vow to die rather than say what one does not mean.

The profound significance of *Satyagraha* becomes apparent when one reflects that "truth" here implies much more than simply conforming one's words to one's inner thought. It is not by words only that we speak. Our aims, our plans of action, our outlook, our attitudes, our habitual response to the problems and challenges of life, "speak" of our inner being and reveal our fidelity or infidelity to God and to ourselves. Our very existence, our life itself contains an implicit pretension to meaning, since all our free acts are implicit commitments, selections of "meanings" which we seem to find confronting us. Our very existence is "speech" interpreting reality. But the crisis of truth in the modern world comes from the bewildering complexity of the almost infinite contradictory propositions and claims to meaning uttered by millions of acts, movements, changes, decisions, attitudes, gestures, events, going on all around us. Most of all a crisis of truth is precipitated when men realize that almost all these claims to meaning and value are in fact without significance, when they are not in great part entirely fraudulent.

The tragedy of modern society lies partly in the fact that it is condemned to utter an infinite proliferation of statements when it has nothing to reveal except its

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own meaninglessness, its dishonesty, its moral indigence, its inner divisions, its abject spiritual void, its radical and self-destructive spirit of violence.

Satyagraha for Gandhi meant first of all refusing to say "nonviolence" and "peace" when one meant "violence" and "destruction." However, his wisdom differed from ours in this: he knew that in order to speak truth he must rectify more than his inner *intention*. It was not enough to say "love" and *intend* love thereafter proving the sincerity of one's own intentions by demonstrating the insincerity of one's adversary. "Meaning" is not a mental and subjective adjustment. For Gandhi, a whole lifetime of sacrifice was barely enough to demonstrate the sincerity with which he made a few simple claims: that he was not lying, that he did not intend to use violence or deceit against the English, that he did not think that peace and justice could be attained through violent or selfish means, that he did genuinely believe they could be assured by nonviolence and self-sacrifice.

Gandhi's religio-political action was based on an ancient metaphysic of man, a philosophical wisdom which is common to Hinduism, Buddhism, Islam, Judaism, and Christianity: that "truth is the inner law of our being." Not that man is merely an abstract essence, and that our action must be based on logical fidelity to a certain definition of man. Gandhi's religious action is based on a religious intuition of *being* in man and in the world, and his vow of truth is a vow of fidelity to being in all its accessible dimensions. His wisdom is based on experience more than on logic. Hence the way of peace is the way of truth, of fidelity to wholeness and being, which implies a basic respect for life not as a concept, not as a sentimental figment of the imagination, but its deepest, most secret and most fontal reality. The first and fundamental trust is to be sought in respect for our own inmost being, and this in turn implies the recollectedness and the awareness which attune us to that silence in which a lone Being speaks to us in all its simplicity.

Therefore Gandhi, recognized as no other world leader of our time, has done the necessity to be free from the pressures, the exorbitant and tyrannical demands of a society that is violent because it is essentially greedy, lustful and cruel. Therefore he fasted, observed days of silence, lived frequently in retreat, knew the value of solitude, as well as of the totally generous expenditure of his time and energy in listening to others and communicating with them. He recognized the impossibility of being a peaceful and nonviolent man if one submits passively to the insatiable requirements of a society maddened by overstimulation and obsessed with the demons of noise, voyeurism and speed.

"Jesus died in vain," said Gandhi, "if he did not teach us to regulate the whole of life by the eternal law of love." Strange that he should use this expression. It seems to imply at once concern and accusation. As Asians sometimes do, Gandhi did not hesitate to confront Christendom with the principles of Christ. Not that he judged Christianity, but he suggested that the professedly Christian civilization of the West was in fact judging itself by its own acts and its own fruits. There are certain Christian and humanitarian elements in Democracy, and if they are absent, Democracy finds itself on trial, weighed in the balance, and no amount of verbal protestations can prevent it from being found wanting. Events themselves will proceed inexorably to their conclusion. *Pacem in Terris* has suggested the same themes to the meditation of modern Europe, America and Russia. "Civilization" must learn to prove its claims by a capacity for the peaceful and honest settlement of disputes, by genuine concern for justice toward people who have been shamelessly exploited and races that have been systematically oppressed, or the historical preeminence of the existing powers will be snatched from them by violence, perhaps in a disaster of cosmic proportions.

Gandhi believed that the central problem of our time was the acceptance or the rejection of a basic law of love and of truth which had been made known to the world in traditional religions and most clearly by Jesus Christ. Gandhi himself expressly and very clearly declared himself an adherent of this one law. His whole life, his political action, finally even his death, were nothing but a witness to his commitment. "If love is not the law of our being the whole of my argument falls to pieces."

What remains to be said? It is true that Gandhi expressly dissociated himself from Christianity in its visible and institutional forms. But it is also true that he built his whole life and all his activity upon what he conceived to be the law of Christ. In fact, he died for this law which was at the heart of his belief. Gandhi was indisputably sincere and right in his moral commitment to the law of love and truth. A Christian can do nothing greater than follow his own conscience with a fidelity comparable to that with which Gandhi obeyed what be believed to be the voice of God. Gandhi is, it seems to me, a model of integrity whom we cannot afford to ignore, and the one basic duty we all owe to the world of our time is to imitate him in "dissociating ourselves from evil in total disregard of the consequences." May God mercifully grant us the grace to be half as sincere and half as generous as was this great leader, one of the noblest men of our century.

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THE DEPUTY

a candid theatrical memoir by Jerome Rothenberg

adapter of the Broadway production

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I WAS CALLED INTO the production of *The Deputy* when Herman Shumlin discovered, a couple of months before the scheduled opening, that he couldn't "live with" his first version of the play, an abridgement (more or less) of the Winston text that Grove Press was preparing to publish. Hochhuth and Shumlin had cut the play in half and had somewhat altered its plot line, but with results that now felt heavy, stilted, colorless—especially the language. As a poet, what could I do to make the language move, or otherwise put life in it?

I knew about the play only what I'd read in the papers (which at that point wasn't much) but was certainly not put off or shocked by what was being played up as its "thesis." My feeling, then as now, was that a close connection existed between two thousand years of Christian anti-semitism and Hitler's final solution to the Jewish "problem." Not having read the play yet, I hoped it would have something for me to take hold of besides its *dossier* on Pius. The guilt-by-silence of a single man couldn't possibly be the issue; the complicity-by-silence-and-incitement-of-*many* might be. I was concerned too that the play speak in dramatic, not merely polemical, terms.

From Shumlin came copies of the German text and (in English) his and Hochhuth's adaptation. A first reading convinced me that I could and should do it—so elated and irritated me, in fact, that my mind was soon boiling over with new ideas and words and images. A few days later, I presented Shumlin with versions of two of the key speeches, by which time I already knew how I wanted to re-work the opening scenes. To *re-work* them, let me stress, since it was clear that the adaptation, stripping three or four hours off the original, would have to make up somehow for the loss of magnitude, epic scope, etc. But Shumlin seemed willing to go along with anything I wanted—perhaps that's the measure of how desperate he was. The following week, after reading my version of the first two scenes, he was so pleased and relieved that he granted me a "completely free hand." Nor did he go back on his word until completion of the third scene.

There's a process of identification that's essential if a translation is to re-create its original—i.e., if a new work is to emerge, the value of which is more than informational. As I said before, when I took the play home and read it, I felt both irritated and elated. The irritation was partly with the lack of time—a month to rewrite the entire play, later extended to six (or was it seven?) weeks—and with the fact that I was a stranger to the theater and knew it. Then too, I realized that Hochhuth and I were far apart in the artistic means we favored; since some of the changes I had in mind were extreme, I wanted to feel sure that I was doing them for the play's sake, not simply from a disagreement with his means.

But the other feeling—the elation at the upsurge of images, words and ideas was the stronger. What Hochhuth had done, in what I thought of as his ingenuous and old-fangled way, was to make visible the lineaments of a nightmare; and he had done it with a series of symbols and figures that made the revelation painful, forcing sight on those who stopped to look.

The title of a Charles Olsen poem stuck in my mind: *The Death of Europe*. Was this what Hochhuth had succeeded in showing, this vision of murder, cruelty, indifference, of a world in which man's flesh is crucified while the servants of the cross refuse to bear the cross, to share the sufferings, and WHY? This is the question that Hochhuth's Pope must answer—*and he does*. He answers with empty words, with words made empty by events; answers as *any man might;* knows all the proper answers; gives them as *any man* might; so that the shadow falls across them too, and those who see it turn away in terror, in revulsion, for something unclean has come to pass in the heart of the temple.

The lineaments of a nightmare, then—but of a nightmare so total that the mind refuses to believe it. I decided to stress those images of terror, putting the documentary aspects second. Since Hochhuth and Shumlin had already reduced the play to the scenes involving the young Jesuit hero, I would let it be his vision throughout, his nightmare in the face of a reality we wouldn't show, a reality that would always be offstage. Everything visible, then, would be a comment on that overwhelming reality that the mind (the Christian mind, at least) has struggled to reject—until dream and reality, nightmare and death, come together at Auschwitz, and there is no escape but a scream.

SO FAR, I had before me a complex if diffuse work, which I was hoping to compress without losing the complexity. To do this, I planned to focus on its point of greatest depth, measuring myself by that. When I came to consider the kinds of ideas Hochhuth dealt with, decided that the historical indictment of Pius could make its way without much heightening from me. Most of the scenes showing Nazi officials and Nazi attitudes had already been cut, and as for Hochhuth's presentation of 19th century philosophical positions, I found it very German and very tedious. It was, in fact, his religious material that seemed to me to carry the play's meaning, providing the real intellectual force.

The major conflict in the play, as everybody knows, is between Riccardo Fontana (a fictional priest) and Pope Pius XII (a quasi-fictional pontiff); the issue in question is whether Pius should have openly condemned the Nazi policy of genocide against the Jews. Another issue, though less obvious and less discussed, concerns the concept of *deputyship* itself, of how Christ is to be represented by his priesthood. On both

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issues (and, of course, they're inseparable here) the attitude of Hochhuth's Pope is institutional and rational, while that of his Jesuit is personal and mystical. When Pius refuses to act, Riccardo rushes to Auschwitz where, from a practical point of view, he can accomplish nothing. Let me emphasize that: *Riccardo Fontana does not go to Auschwitz to save Jews.* Yet the play is clearly *about* why-in-fact-he-goes-there.

From the time he becomes involved, Riccardo's nightmare journey is a latterday descent into Hell—a descent that puts all Christian faith and belief into question. Yet it is Christ's road too, Christ's agony as archetype. More and more Riccardo identifies with the victims, identifies the victims with the Crucified, the archetypal victim. He follows the Jews to Auschwitz, the damned into Hell. To win a Christian victory? But there is no victory in that place, only crucifixion; no Sunday morning, but Christ still walks in Hell and darkness.

"There have always been," Berdyaev writes, "and there always will be, two races in the world, and the boundary between them is more important than any other; crucifiers and crucified, oppressors and oppressed, persecutors and persecuted. It is superfluous to specify which one Christians should belong to." Superfluous, but if this play is to remain a "Christian Tragedy," it has to specify just that; has to touch that ultimate despair that Christ too must have known. At the heart of the nightmare for Riccardo, two "facts" stand out to make the despair complete: that at Auschwitz the world is going through what the Doctor calls "a turning" in which "the idea of life is over," and that the Pope, in whom the agony of the Crucified should be the most acute, is no more involved than the ordinary benevolent statesman, perhaps less.

Anyone who still cares about these things, will see that the Christian elements don't soften the "historical" indictment of Pius but enforce and clarify the demands made on him for what is, after all, an extraordinary action. To Shumlin, though, the "deputy" theme, in its specifically Christian sense, was probably intrusive and confusing. As he kept telling me, he wanted this to be a play against *all* silence and complacency in the face of injustice. So did I, but not by sacrificing the play's specifics: the way that action, theme and symbol worked (or could be made to work) together; the sense of cosmic terror that gave it something like a tragic force. As these fell away in rehearsal, the play became more and more a statement of readily acceptable pieties that I'd have thought anyone seeing it would long ago have taken for granted. In a similar way, references to the Church's historical anti-semitism (which I would have extended to all the churches) were all but eradicated—on the assumption, I believe, that the play should make us aware with hurting our feelings. I wanted it very much *to hurt our feelings.*

For me the play begins to move with the entrance at the Berlin Nuncio's of Kurt Gerstein, SS man and self-proclaimed "witness to the name of God." Here, clearly, is the most elusive figure in the play; one too, who prefigures the awareness that Riccardo will reach only much later in his journey. Having willingly taken part in the Final Solution in order, he says elsewhere, "to find out what was happening and help destroy it," he is here trying to deliver a "message to the Vatican," an appeal for intercession; but as he speaks, the shadow falls across his words and fills them with the awful knowledge that he won't be heard.

It is this desperation and futility—of a man who's acting and who knows he must fail—that I wanted to convey by a brutal exaggeration of every word and gesture. Not a madman but the dream's evocation of a madman who speaks the truth, speaks it to another man (the Nuncio) too civilized to act beyond his powers and whose distress at the facts is matched by his irritation with Gerstein for presenting them. The perfect wall, in short, for Gerstein to address.

Where Hochhuth would later develop Gerstein as a German hero, I was limited by his and Shumlin's cuts to the figure as he appears in the opening scenes, a man with an equivocal attitude toward himself as a murderer and self-proclaimed savior. Yet this was precisely what I wanted, not the Scarlet Pimpernel aspects of the character but the hint it gave of a "salvation" through the experience of evil. To emphasize the gulf beneath him (as well as the futility of his appeal), I turned his speeches into an exaggerated series of stops and starts, rapid shifts from one type of address to another, hoping also that this would break up the comparatively unvaried pattern of long speeches in Hochhuth's original.

On the stage the wording of the scene remained fairly close to what I'd written, but the conception was drastically different. Gerstein was no longer *a man acting who knows he must fail;* the exaggerated gestures had become the genuine article, "feelings welling from the heart," etc. But not only Gerstein. The Nuncio had been so directed that his emotional response to the murders seemed higher-pitched at times than Gerstein's. When he tried to dismiss the SS man by saying, "God grant you peace . . . we will offer prayers for the victims," there was no *hauteur* in his voice; instead he sobbed. The gulf between them had been reduced to a puddle.

OUR SECOND SCENE, in Gerstein's apartment, opens with an exchange between him and Jacobson, the young Jew he's been hiding. Here I felt certain that if the play's reality (nightmare of the death of Europe) were to be presented meaningfully, we had to show it at its extremes, as already in the place towards which it's heading. To do that, to portray (in Jacobson par-

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JACOBSON
Germans don't get fleas.
(Brightening):
Come on, Gerstein, let's curse Germans!

GERSTEIN
(Changing the subject):
I'll get you that passport before the bombers blow this place up.

JACOBSON
Get me some soap while you're at it. Pee stains on my underwear. And blood. What a mess. --Gerstein?

GERSTEIN
(Standing at the window.)
What?

JACOBSON
I want some air.

(JACOBSON ~~walks over to~~ the window, ~~tries to stick his head out.~~ GERSTEIN quickly pushes him away.)

GERSTEIN
(Peering out, cautiously):
Beware, beware--
the doctor's on the stair.

JACOBSON
The King of Shadows!

GERSTEIN
Bearing death flowers.

JACOBSON
Kill him!

GERSTEIN
In my dreams.
(He puts an arm around JACOBSON, moves him toward the other room.)
Get in there, like a dog.

JACOBSON
(Smiling, but frightened):
Like a mongrel, Gerstein, like a MONGREL.

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GERSTEIN

ticularly) the consequences of that reality, I found it necessary to move further from Hochhuth than I'd originally expected.

Hochhuth's "Jacobson" was the traditional "good Jew" of literature: bespectacled, studious, timid, deferential to benefactor, etc. His behavior (including an understandable outburst when he learns that his parents have been killed) was completely "in character" and, as such, probably useful to Hochhuth in touching his German readers and compensating for his, and their, lack of acquaintance with Jews. For myself, I simply couldn't accept this as the *reality of the situation*, but felt that living in a hole would lead, at its extreme, to a dehumanization of the victim. I wanted the play, like a bad dream, to show *the worst that could happen*, at no point to let their words touch but to have them speak the language of the dead.

With this in mind, I rewrote the dialogue between Jacobson and Gerstein as a series of brutal thrusts (by Jacobson mostly) that were not "real" conversation so much as patter. The scene opened with the following exchange:

(Sounds of bombing fade out. GERSTEIN *and* JACOBSON *are filling pails with rubble. The sound of a GERMAN MARCHING BAND outside.)*

JACOBSON. *What a mess. (As* GERSTEIN *doesn't respond, more insistently:) It smells here. Dirty air, dirty people. Dirty music. (He moves closer to* GERSTEIN.*) Gerstein, I have fleas.*

GERSTEIN. *(Picking up the pails:) I'll carry these down to the yard.*

JACOBSON. *Germans don't have fleas but I have fleas.*

GERSTEIN. *Do they bother you?*

JACOBSON. *They're killing me, the bastards. Look, my navel's raw from them. (He lifts up his shirt, scratches his belly.) MONSTERS! (Taps* GERSTEIN *on shoulder.) Are you sure you're not Jewish?*

GERSTEIN. *Yes . . .*

JACOBSON. *I like you, Gerstein—but don't think I don't hate you too. Is that what you think?*

GERSTEIN. *No.*

JACOBSON. *Germans don't get fleas. (Brightening): Come on, Gerstein, let's curse Germans!*

It's not hard to see that the emphasis here is on the word *German*, on Jacobson's bitterness and despair, his mockery of his benefactor, his self-hatred, etc.; for I was not so much dirtying up the characters as the reality-of-the-situation. Whether Jacobson was scratching real fleas was somehow not the point.

Shumlin wanted the scene dirtied up too—the Jacobson part for sure because the stereotype offended him. At the same time he wanted to establish credibility, to provide explanations for things I'd deliberately omitted: how close the bombing was, why Jacobson had fleas and Gerstein didn't, where Gerstein washed, why Jacobson questioned Gerstein about being Jewish, etc. By Shumlin's insistence on certain cuts and inserts (for he had finally to be in charge) the stage reality shifted more towards his conception of it than I'd have wanted.

As a result I wasn't able to show clearly the reality as I'd seen it—as a thing so terrifying that only the *in*credible could come near it on the stage. I lost the chance but not the conviction that there's a reality in the theater that comes from making visible the consequences, the limits, of an action rather than its causes. In other words, that Jacobson behaves as he does because he has no soap is far less important than that he does so because he will have lost (is already seen as having lost) his humanity. Here, in fact, the insertion of explanatory material dims the reality that the suppression of causality would have heightened.

The dialogue between Gerstein and the Doctor suffered the same changes: a proliferation of explanatory material and an insistence that the actors turn the debauched patter I'd written for them into "real" conversation. The movement of the scene, under Shumlin's direction, became essentially psychological (Gerstein's fear, the Doctor's pursuit), which wasn't impossible in itself, except that the Romantic insanity and inanity of the Doctor's discursions were, I think, muffled. Perhaps I'm too involved to judge, but it seems to me now that if changes were going to be made from what I'd written, they should have gone much further for the sake of some consistency. As it was, most of the non-naturalistic material was cut, but enough remained so that, spoken in a naturalistic style, it was probably unnecessarily confusing—both to the audience and the actors.

The losses, because they weren't consistent, also worked to make the new ending of the scene seem considerably more anti-naturalistic than anything that preceded. For this, I had expanded a few lines and a stage direction of Hochhuth's into a "ritual" marking Riccardo's first commitment to, and tentative identification with, the Jewish victims. He hands his passport to Jacobson, and Jacobson gives him the frayed yellow star. As Riccardo fingers it,

. . . the lights start dimming to a single spotlight that will finally surround the three men. GERSTEIN *and* JACOBSON *slowly move in on Riccardo. They are on either side of him and speak, like voices in a holy ritual of the Church. It is, in fact his initiation into the underworld—a journey that will end in Auschwitz. As their voices press against him, he raises the Star of David higher.*

GERSTEIN. *But you'll learn.*

JACOBSON. *You'll learn, priest.*

GERSTEIN. *You'll descend the stair—*

JACOBSON. *At night.*

GERSTEIN. *You'll feel cold.*

JACOBSON. *The darkness will run through you.*

GERSTEIN. *Hide, Priest.*

JACOBSON. *The mirror is watching.*

GERSTEIN. *Hell is watching.*

JACOBSON. *Is the night inside you?*

GERSTEIN. *You'll have to live with it.*

JACOBSON. *To see it, to touch it.*

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GERSTEIN. *In death.*
JACOBSON. *In pain.*
GERSTEIN. *In hatred.*
JACOBSON. *In pain.*
GERSTEIN. *Take the star.*
JACOBSON. *The light is in the star.*
GERSTEIN. *The pain is in the star.*
JACOBSON. *And wear it.*
RICCARDO. *(Thrusts the star against his heart:) Here?*

I'd like someday to print large sections of this scene as I originally had it, because I think they'd show that the changes I'd decided on, weren't simply arbitrary, that (in the beginning at least) I was working from a total concept of the play. If you read the stage directions and lines I've just given as poetic images, you'll see where I was taking it. Once that concept was broken—in action or in symbol or in language—so that only a part remained here, a part there, the remnants (like this ritual of the star) became little more than decorations, a pointless kind of flourish.

GIVEN COMPLETE FREEDOM, I would have continued as I did in fact try to continue: stressing the Christian elements and symbols, the nightmare journey, the theme of Christ and outcast, the relentless and sometimes cruel exposure of what's *most difficult* for an audience to accept. I would have done this, because I felt a play emerging that wasn't only a vehicle for a social message but held up a mirror to a difficult and complex reality. To pry that play loose, I had often to concern myself with much that wasn't its message. At times I felt that I was the only one who was bothering.

Of material in the play that's *most difficult for an audience to accept*, the character of "Pius XII" comes first to mind. In handling this I tried to be faithful to the exigencies of the play and not to be distracted by extratheatrical considerations. That a recently deceased Prince of the Church should be cast as a "villain" didn't, as I've said, shock me; one has only to think of Dante's treatment of Boniface VIII (and others) for a good literary parallel. In both instances, a specific figure is singled out to represent what the author considers the abuse or misconception of a great office—and in both instances, the objective historian may sense a distortion of the facts-taken-as-a-whole. It is, as Aristotle wrote long ago, "that the poet's function [contrasted to the historian's] is to describe, not the thing that has happened, but a kind of thing that might happen, i.e., what is possible as being probable or necessary . . ."

Perhaps Pius shouldn't have been singularized by name, though I can't imagine how his specific identity could have been concealed. But the real point lies elsewhere. Since the play, at least as cut, focuses almost entirely through Riccardo, his terror and passion must necessarily color the way in which the other characters and their actions come across to us. Thus the Pope and the lesser hierarchs will appear as he sees them—contrasted to his own mind's vision of Jesus. If this is clear, the play can proceed to its limits; if, by any hedging, it becomes unclear, then it would be better to keep Pius off stage, for the loss of theatrical "shock" would be preferable to a pointless attempt to write "real" history in the context of fiction.

I regret that so much of the controversy has concerned the historicity of this or that detail in Hochhuth's portrait of Pius. While I feel that his facts were basically accurate, I'm convinced too that he was writing as a caricaturist, and regret that no one connected with the play has yet been willing to say so—including Hochhuth.

In brief, it seems to me that:

1) if you're focussing through Riccardo's mind, the question of a historical portrait of Pius is not important; what matters is that the portrait (or caricature) be a true comment on the Church's actions and silences, then and throughout her history;

2) those who are going to be offended by criticism of the Pope will be no less offended if you presume to be "objective;"

3) being "objective" shades off quickly into "going easy," thus puts you in constant conflict with the materials the play provides;

4) by the time of Pius' "*gran rifiuto*," Riccardo's mind can only see him in the most horrifying terms;

5) the fury of the contrast between Pope and Christ (the very heart of the "deputy" theme) demands a fury of presentation;

6) if the play is a nightmare, the Pope must be a nightmare Pope.

By the time the play reached New York, there had been so much criticism of its more difficult-to-document facts and its portraiture, that the producers tried (apparently with Hochhuth's approval) to make it a more "rounded and objective" portrayal. (I was surprised too to hear Hochhuth, in his big New York press conference, "defend" the references to Church finances as an attempt to compliment Pius and the Catholic Church for their clearheaded recognition that the Church *doesn't live by the spirit alone*. I would like to think there was more tongue in his cheek than his manner betrayed.) Again the material, both Hochhuth's and mine, contradicted and confused the effort toward conciliation. The criticism of those who thought the play too hard on Pius was now joined by that of those who thought it too soft.

Perhaps *The Deputy* was too much of a political event to be treated simply as a play. Even so, I can't help feeling that anticipation of the possible repercussions only weakened its impact while satisfying no one. Take, for example, the Jewish criticism directed at the play

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for not showing more of the victims and of the Germans as the chief victimizers. The fact is that Shumlin, on the basis of earlier productions and criticism, had attempted to "strengthen" those areas. He had decided, before I came into it, to open with a symbolic (?) procession of victims led by a Nazi guard, and to "clarify" the Gestapo interrogation of Jewish prisoners in Rome.

The Gestapo scene itself had drawn fire because the Jews it showed were all converts (a point of some importance, since the Church's unwillingness to act for them was tantamount to a sanction of *racial* anti-semitism). Shumlin, himself very sensitive on this score, insisted the Roman Jews' "Jewishness" be played up and their Catholicism played down. We had some of our worst arguments over this, for all the good it did the play. Perhaps I felt myself offended as a Jew—but that's not a way I like to put it.

Hochhuth (who, as far as I know, had originally decided on the scene cuts with Shumlin) again surprised me at his press conference by echoing this criticism, specifically about elimination of scenes showing the round-up of the Roman Jews. For my part, I can only say that I agreed with the cuts and would have carried them further. I feel that the scenes in question are digressions from the plot, with no "positive" virtue in the shortened version except to give the audience a respite in a part of the reality that it already largely accepts. Besides, the primary guilt of the Nazis is declared time and again, and the tragedy of the Jews and the hero's identification with them is never in doubt.

THE PLAN FOR THE FINAL SCENE at Auschwitz was to reduce it to a long dialogue between Riccardo and the Doctor. As delivered to me, in the Hochhuth-Shumlin version, the scene showed Riccardo arriving in Auschwitz, being picked out of line by the Doctor, refused permission to die, harangued for fifteen or twenty minutes, cajoled to help the Doctor escape to Rome, and finally sent to the ovens when he's done nothing more than call the Doctor a bad name. The action was vague and the language impossible.

My own first idea was to make it a kind of epilogue in limbo—to throw all props away and have the two figures confront each other briefly and tersely and "in so many words." Shumlin let me know quickly that he wouldn't live with it that way. Hochhuth's dialogue bored him—better yet, disgusted him, since he felt that any talk at Auschwitz was repugnant. (Again and again in rehearsal, he would balk at such sights as the Doctor sharing a bench with Riccardo, swearing he couldn't stomach the two of them so close, or words to that effect.) On the other hand, if I was planning to take the "victims" off the stage, he would simply not do the scene; and if he didn't do the scene, he'd remove the Doctor from the second scene. In effect, he told me he was tired of Riccardo's whining throughout the play and that this scene gave him a chance to realize what the play was really about, the murder of six million Jews.

The play, of course, isn't only a memorial, and it isn't only a generalized outcry against silence and indifference. Through Riccardo it also copes with the questions of what it means to be human; of where each man stands with relation to human suffering, to crucified and crucifier; of the ages-old gap between ideal and reality in our civilization; of the Church's responsibility for what may be seen as the recurrent crucifixion of the nation of its founder. Riccardo's death, if we were in fact going to show it, had to follow out of all those questions and the action of the play, or we would be abandoning the play at the end.

Why would the Doctor suddenly allow Riccardo to die? I searched through the original scene (where the problem doesn't come up, since Riccardo's death, remember, is delayed and accidental) and found, in a conversation with Gerstein, lines that made it clear to me. In the second scene, the Doctor, quoting Weininger, had defined the "evil principle" as "despair at the possibility of meaning." Now Riccardo seems to experience the full impact of that when he cries out: "... with each human body that I burn,/I burn away a particle of faith./I am burning God./Corpses—a conveyor belt of corpses,/an endless belt ... If I knew that—He was looking on—/*(with revulsion)*/I would ... have to hate Him .../I am—I would be frightened of salvation/*(points vaguely upwards)*/through Him. —A wild beast that devours its young." (MacDonald's translation.)

I wanted the scene to touch that emptiness—that endless circle—because only then would Riccardo's agony be complete. A *conveyor belt of corpses*—I tried to get at this by the appearance and disappearance of two groups of victims, almost identical in appearance and gesture, and by having Riccardo cry, "There is no world." In brief, the Doctor would be sending Riccardo to die because Riccardo was defeated; in his defeat and despair, he had followed Jesus to the final agony on the cross. The resurrection, at Auschwitz as at Golgotha, is for the eyes of faith—when the bodies have stopped squirming.

The prospect of Riccardo's despair and seemingly meaningless death was too much for this production—though I still feel it would have been the most pointed commentary on the Pope's silence. Shumlin, in fact, understood the defeat and agony far better than some of the others (one co-producer even came up with the idea of a triumphal march of victims), but he didn't want it stated in such Christian terms, still didn't want a real exchange between the two men or any further comment on the Pope, on Christianity, on evil, on reality. The scene returned almost to where I'd found

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it, except for a few, free-floating references to "emptiness" and the remains of a long speech I'd written for Riccardo in which he describes in detail the human agony of Christ crucified. This, Shumlin felt, was all that was needed to justify the Doctor's sending Riccardo to die—only he didn't want it to speak so directly about Christ or Riccardo but to be confined to the Jewish victims. Riccardo was allowed to march off happy—but I guess that was more Jeremy Brett's view of the role than Herman Shumlin's.

By then, however, I had really given up on the final scene. If Riccardo couldn't take part in the exchange, if the play's various themes couldn't be recapitulated and set against the final terror, if everything specific was now taboo or bored Shumlin, if by one person or another I was badgered to end the play on a note of triumph when I saw clearly that there was no victory at Auschwitz, I could only "sit back and enjoy it." The final solution to the final scene was to cut what was left to shreds, on the notion that the shorter it is, the less it hurts.

It was felt too that this would help commuters catch their trains on time.

I'M NOT COUNTING UP my "losses" in the play, because those aren't important to me. From the start I hoped that *The Deputy* would throw light into dark places, and to some degree it has. Many of the most important things, however, have been left unsaid—at least in the play. There's been a tendency to view its theme as simply an attack on silence-in-the-face-of-murder. But that was only to see it in halfway terms.

Recently a lot of publicity has been given to a New York murder which a number of innocent bystanders watched in silence from their apartment windows. People have come to me and said, *See, there's your Deputy theme again.* But of course it isn't—unless we can assume that the Church and Christianity have been innocent of the centuries of incitement leading up to the Final Solution.

The production, I think, has added to the false impression. So has much of the more public controversy, perhaps from a feeling that a truce between denominations would be broken by stirring up the really bad memories. Even Hochhuth, in his later statements, has tended to be more politic, as when he analogized the Nazis as arsonists and the Church as the unwilling Fire Brigade. *But what if the Church had provided the matches?* The play says that some of the time, because it isn't only about silence but about the ages-old disparity between Christ and his Church, between the spirit and the forms in which it seems to be embodied. As such (though Hochhuth, as a Protestant, makes this much less clear) it's a question that goes beyond the Catholic Church, that touches all the churches and all men who perpetuate the contradiction in our culture.

And what of Eugenio Pacelli? May we not ask how the inheritor of Peter's Throne could possibly have been an "innocent" bystander like those people in Queens? If there's a continuity of succession in the Papacy, then every Pope's innocence or guilt involves the actions of his predecessors. The office and the history of the office can't be overlooked in understanding the urgency of the play's demand for an extraordinary action—some kind of expiation.

The past refuses to stay hidden. Theological anti-semitism and deicide are still burning issues—so that the sins of the fathers be visited upon the sons unto the two-hundredth generation. There's also, though we more hesitate to speak of it, a papal record of anti-semitic bulls, anti-Jewish decrees and expulsions, Church-sponsored ghettos in the Papal States, identifying badges, public humiliations, etc. And though these ended in Rome with the coming of the secular state in 1870, in the 1890s the Papacy itself was still backing the anti-semitic parties of Central Europe. But the 19th Century was exactly the time when racial anti-semitism, which so many apologists treat as a phenomenon separate from the anti-semitism of the churches, was growing up in Europe. By the time Hitler came to power, as Lewy's recent book makes clear, the hierarchy in Germany was still able to endorse the Nuremberg Laws as long as the Christian conscience wasn't violated. But hadn't it been violated already—or are hatred and degradation less repugnant to it than murder?

The churches, historically, have too often played a brute's game towards the Jews and themselves and others—and by doing so, they have hidden Christ's face from men by a veil of blood. Yet, William Blake wrote, "God only Acts & Is, in existing beings or Men." Perhaps, though Blake was no Catholic, that is the greatest indictment of Pius from a Catholic point of view: that he failed to see how deep the loss was, failed to be the deputy who could make God visible to man. This is, after all, the "question asked of God" in the final act of *The Deputy*, the question of his presence, of where-he-is. In the play, the fictional Riccardo (though "an ordinary priest") takes on himself the agony of representing God among the crucified, in Auschwitz. The tragedy of our civilization may be that the beautiful things are the work of "ordinary" men and characters in fiction.

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The Poems of Léopold Sédar Senghor

The original French texts with translations by Charles Guenther

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Jardin des Prebendes

Jardin des Prébendes,
Tu m'as touché l'épaule
Comme je passais le long de tes grilles vertes,
Indifférent . . .
C'est aujourd'hui que tu m'es ami,
En cet après-midi d'Octobre
—Il est nuit, il est jour dans les rues et les sous-bois—,
En cet après-midi d'Octobre
Ou j'entends, à peine, comme en un mirage coutumier,
Qui cherche son chemin et se lamente dans quelque
clairière perdue de moi
Une trompette bouchée.
Que tu m'es ami,
Pathétiquement pareil
A l'âpre passion des plaines rousses, immobiles là-bas,
en Sénégambie.

Jardin des Prebendes

Jardin des Prébendes,
You touched my shoulder
As I passed along your green railings,
Heedless . . .
You're a friend to me today,
In this October afternoon
—It's night, it's day in the streets and undergrowth—
In this October afternoon
Where I hear faintly, as in a common mirage,
Seeking its way and lamenting in some glade hidden from me,
A stopped-up trumpet.
Yet you're a friend to me,
Pathetically like
The bitter passion of the motionless red plains down below
in Senegambia.

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A New York

III

New York! je dis New York, laisse affluer le sang noir dans ton sang
Qu'il dérouille tes articulations d'acier, comme une huile de vie
Qu'il donne à tes ponts la courbes des croupes et la souplesse des lianes.
Voici revenir les temps très anciens, l'unité retrouvée la réconciliation
du Lion du Taureau et de l'Arbre
L'idée liée à l'acte l'oreille au coeur le signe au sens.
Voilà tes fleuves bruissants de caïmans musqués et de lamantins aux yeux
de mirages. Et nul besoin d'inventer les Sirènes.
Mais il suffit d'ouvrir les yeux à l'arc-en-ciel d'Avril
Et les oreilles, surtout les oreilles à Dieu qui d'un rire de saxophone
créa le ciel et la terre en six jours.
Et le septième jour, il dormit du grand sommeil nègre.

To New York

(trumpet solo for a jazz orchestra)

III

New York, I say, New York! Let the black blood run in your blood
So it brightens your steel articulations like an oil of life
So it gives your bridges rump-like curves and the suppleness of lianas.
The ancient times are returning, the unity regained, the reconciliation
of the Lion the Bull and the Tree
Idea joined with act, ear with heart, sign with meaning.
There are your rivers rustling with perfumed crocodiles and manatees
with eyes of mirages. And nobody needs to invent Sirens.
But it's enough to open our eyes to the April rainbow
And our ears, especially our ears, to God who with a saxophone laugh
created heaven and earth in six days.
And on the seventh day he slept a long Negro sleep.

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Le Retour de L'Enfant Prodigue

VII

Eléphant de Mbissel, j'applaudis au vide des magasins autour
de la haute demeure.
J'éclate en applaudissements! Vive la faillite du commerçant!
J'applaudis à ce bras de mer déserté des ailes blanches
—Chassent les crocodiles dans la brousse des profondeurs, et
paissent en paix les vaches marines!
Je brule le seco, la pyramide d'arachides dominant le pays
Et le warf dur, cette volonté implacable sur la mer
Mais lors je ressuscite la rumeur des troupeaux dans les hennissements
et les mugissements
La rumeur que module au soir le clair de lune de la flûte des conques
Je ressuscite la théorie des servantes sur la rosée
Et les grandes calebasses de lait, calmes, sur le rythme des
hanches balancées
Je ressuscite la caravane des ànes et dromadaires dans l'odeur
du mil et du riz
Dans la scintillation des glaces, dans le tintement des visages
et des cloches d'argent.
Je ressuscite mes vertus terriennes!

The Return of The Prodigal Son

VII

Elephant of Mbissel, I applaud the empty stores around the tall
residence.
I break into applause! Long live the bankruptcy of the trader!
I applaud this sea inlet deserted by white wings
—Let the crocodiles hunt in the deep brush and the sea cows cross
in peace!
I burn the seco, the pyramid of peanuts dominating the land
And the hard wharf, that implacable will on the sea
But then I revive the noise of herds in neighing and bellowing
The noise that moonlight with flute and shells modulates at evening
I revive the theory of maidservants on the dew
And huge gourds of milk, peacefully balanced on the rhythm of hips
I revive the caravan of camels and donkeys in the smell of millet
and rice
In the sparkling of mirrors, in the tinkling of faces and silver bells
I revive my landholder qualities!

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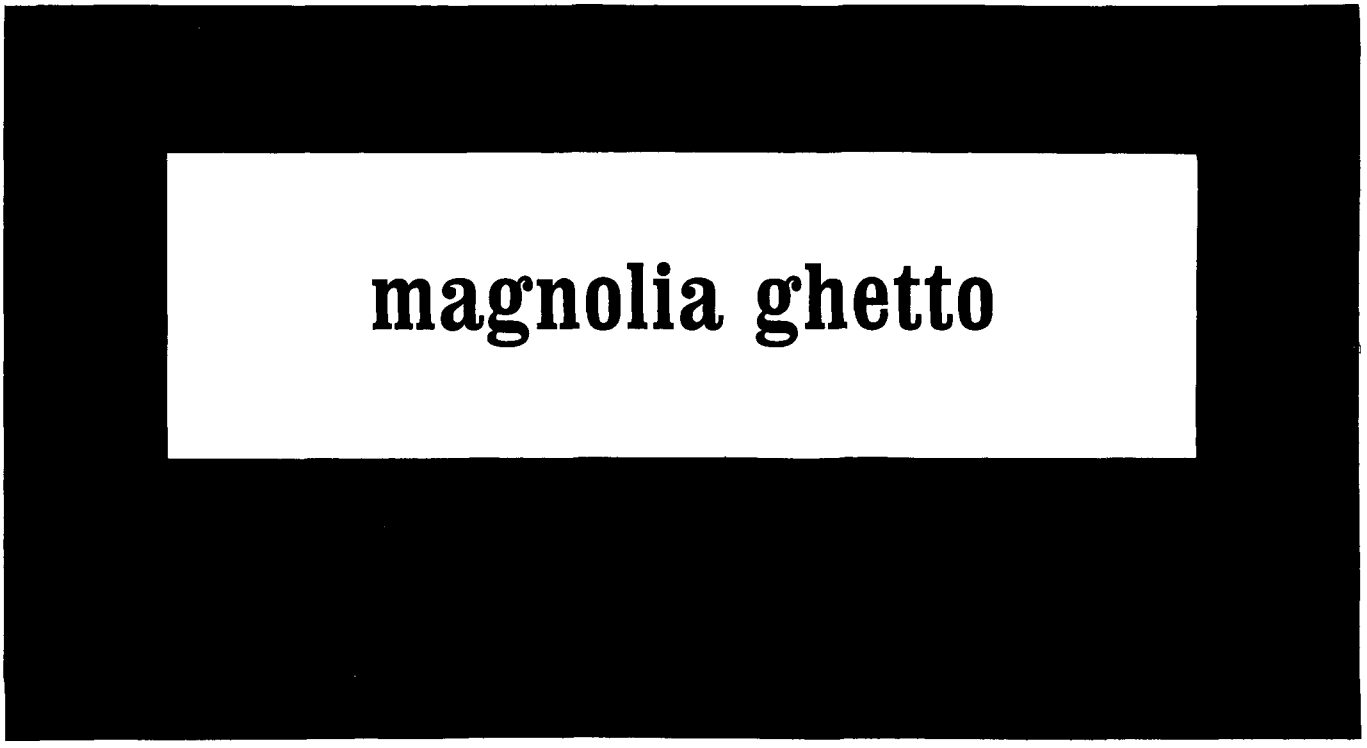
JOHN BEECHER REPORTS FROM NEW ORLEANS:



IN NEW ORLEANS TODAY there are thirteen all-Negro parishes. This is one less than in 1956 when Archbishop Rummel called for the eradication of segregation. The boundaries of these black parishes overlap those of the regular white parishes. While the white churches will not turn a Negro away from pew, confessional or altar rail, it is another matter when it comes to baptisms, marriages and funerals. Then the Negro supplicant is tactfully directed to one of "his own" churches for the administration of the rite.

In 1890 about 80% of New Orleans' Negroes were Catholic. The first segregated church was established against their bitter opposition in 1895, Archbishop Janssen finding excellent Scriptural authority for overruling their objections to being Jim-Crowed.

Today, only 25% of the New Orleans Negro population is Catholic, commentary enough on the baleful consequences to the Church of going along on the segregationist tide of the 1890's. In the thirteen Jim Crow parishes of New Orleans there is not one Negro pastor, nor even a single Negro priest assigned to pastoral duties. In fact there are only two Negro priests among the approximately 1,100 in an archdiocese which has the largest number of Negro Catholics of any diocese in the country. And these two Negro priests are assigned to exclusively educational duties. This situation is blamed on a lack of Negro vocations. It is hardly surprising that few Negroes hear – or heed – the call to the priesthood under the prevailing segregated conditions.

Last year approximately 250 Negro children attended integrated archdiocesan schools. This was double the number attending the previous year when the schools first accepted Negroes. Against the 250 who have been integrated – less than 3% of the total Negroes involved – better than 8,000 attend fourteen all-Negro elementary schools and three all-Negro high schools in the Catholic system. Not only are school accommodations separate; they are far from equal. A typical white elementary parochial school, St. James Major, has 26 teachers for 783 students, a ratio of 1 to 30. An equally typical Negro parochial school, Holy Ghost, has 15 teachers for a student body of 746, a ratio of 1 to 50.

The qualifications of teachers in the Negro schools are often inferior to those in the white schools of the archdiocese, and until recent years, many Negro teaching nuns of the all-black Holy Family Sisters had no credentials beyond high school diplomas. Physical facilities of the Negro Catholic schools are usually deplorably second-rate. St. Augustine High School,

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which has been called the finest Negro high school in the South because of its outstanding academic and athletic achievements, limps along with a ludicrously inadequate physical plant.

Lacking a gymnasium, St. Augustine produces state Negro champions in basketball year after year and its team takes brilliant part in national tournaments. The Tulane basketball coach has been quoted as saying that the white boys from the lavishly equipped Jesuit high school couldn't even stay on the court with St. Augustine's team. Perhaps this is the main reason interracial athletic contests are still prohibited in the archdiocese, lest the Negroes run circles around the whites.

Lacking a school playing field – a park some distance away having to serve the purpose – St. Augustine won the state Negro football championship last year. Lacking an auditorium or even a stage, St. Augustine's company wins the annual state dramatic competitions for Negro schools with monotonous regularity. Lacking adequate laboratories, St. Augustine turns out young students of science who are making an almost incredible record of scholarly achievement.

But this is not to condone inequality of opportunity. In most instances, poor facilities coupled with overloaded teachers in a segregated situation produce the accustomed results, boys and girls ill prepared for the duties and responsibilities of citizenship. Actual citizenship in New Orleans is enjoyed by less than a third of the potentially eligible Negroes. Chicanery and fraud on the part of the voting registrars, conjoined to cynical apathy and frustration among the Negroes, have led to a stalemate.

During a voter registration drive last year, a number of students from Negro Catholic high schools took part in a protest march on City Hall. Fearing police violence, several priest-teachers stood by in the background to protect them, driving up and down the street in their car. Their license number was taken by the police and reported to the Archbishop's office. An April 15th communiqué from the Chancery Office restated the policy of clerical non-involvement. "In conformity with a previous Chancery directive regarding demonstrations by some of our fellow citizens, it is again respectfully suggested that since these efforts primarily concern legal rights, and are only indirectly related to the Church, priests and religious should not take part in public demonstrations without the explicit permission of the Most Reverend Ordinary." In this instance the offending priests, even though they had been merely observers rather than participants in the demonstration, were sharply admonished by the Archbishop who directed them neither to encourage nor to discourage voter registration by Negroes under their spiritual charge, but to "adopt a negative attitude (sic)."

New Orleans' complacency was rudely shattered earlier this year with the publication of a study entitled *Police Handling of Arrestees*. The author was Rev. Joseph H. Fichter, S.J., chairman of the Sociology Department at Loyola University of the South, an eminent authority known for many works including the monumental *Southern Parish*. Field work for the study had been carried out under Fichter's direction by graduate students from Loyola, Tulane, Xavier (Negro), and Dillard (Negro) universities. The study revealed an appalling pattern of brutality, arbitrary arrests and the rank abuse of power by the New Orleans police.

For a full week the Mayor and Superintendent of Police vied with one another in denouncing Fichter's study in the press. Then the uproar subsided. Fichter went on leave to teach at the University of Chicago, his fourth exile since coming to Loyola. Previous cooling-off periods had been spent in Germany, Peru, and at the University of Notre Dame. The Chancery office issued another instruction further curtailing the rights of the New Orleans clergy. "In the interests of administrative consistency, good public relations and clerical tact, the clergy of the Archdiocese are directed not to make literary contributions – including letters to editors, surveys, reports, essays, etc. – to secular publications, without an expressed opinion from the Most Reverend Ordinary."

With this regulation in force, such breaches of "good public relations and clerical tact" as the publication of Fichter's report on New Orleans police methods will certainly never recur. Archbishop Cody has effectively muzzled his clergy after having first immobilized them from any public action in the field of human rights.

"We have a Charity Hospital without any charity, a Mercy Hospital that has no mercy, and a Hotel Dieu where there is no God." The flagrant violation of Catholic principles in these New Orleans institutions provoked this outburst from a local white priest. Among eighteen New Orleans hospitals – Catholic, Protestant, and public – only one small all-Negro hospital permits Negro physicians to enter its doors to attend or operate upon a patient. This situation prevails in a city where Negroes constitute more than 37% of the population.

LIFTING ITS HUGE BLOCKS along Tulane Avenue downtown is Charity, one of the world's greatest hospitals with 3,500 beds. Administered by the Daughters of Charity, it is a public institution. It also serves as the teaching hospital for the adjoining medical schools of Louisiana State University and Tulane, neither of which has ever admitted a Negro medical student. Charity is segregated. Its wings used to be designated "C" for colored and "W" for white. The "C" has been changed to "E" for East but the wing is still all-black. "When I applied to Charity Hospital for a residency," says a Negro Catholic doctor, "the Sister Superintendent ran me out of her office."

Mercy and Hotel Dieu, both Catholic hospitals, exclude Negro patients entirely. A Negro priest applying for admittance was given $25 by the archdiocese for train fare to Mobile where a Catholic hospital was willing to accept him. Another Negro priest was

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secretly admitted to a private room for surgery after a promise that he would receive only white clerical visitors. He was a New Orleans Negro. The good Sisters feared some of his relatives might visit him while he was recuperating, and create a scandal.

Hotel Dieu accepts an annual maximum of 60 nuns from the all-Negro Holy Family congregation. While they are hospitalized these nuns may not be attended by their customary Negro physicians nor may a Negro surgeon operate on them. A white Catholic physician of New Orleans, Dr. James T. Nix, K.S.G., reports in *Social Digest* (June-July 1964) that a Catholic mental hospital in the area refused admittance to a colored nun with the regretful excuse that "We could admit her, if only she were a little lighter . . ."

The Archbishop could rectify the situation in the Catholic hospitals of New Orleans "by a stroke of the pen or a telephone call," says a white Catholic physician, adding, "but he won't." A final footnote to the medical chapter: the Catholic Physicians Guild of New Orleans also excludes Negroes.

In 1955 a Negro priest from the S.V.D. (Divine Word) seminary at Bay St. Louis on the nearby Mississippi Gulf Coast was sent to say Mass in St. Cecilia's chapel at Jesuit Bend on the river 15 miles south of New Orleans. The mixed congregation, numbering both whites and Negroes, were forewarned that a Negro priest was coming to say Mass since no one else happened to be available that Sunday. The priest, Father Gerald Lewis, arrived at St. Cecilia's but was barred from entering the chapel by a police car and a strong-arm squad led by J. B. Perez, brother of the notorious political boss of Plaquemines Parish, Judge Leander Perez, who was later excommunicated for his opposition to integrating Catholic schools.

Archbishop Rummel closed the chapel as a punitive measure against those who had kept out the Negro priest, and warned the people of Jesuit Bend that St. Cecilia's would not be reopened until they were willing to accept any priest he chose to send them. The news flashed round the world, provoking approving editorials in *Osservatore Romano* and elsewhere. However, the Archbishop's subsequent capitulation passed unnoticed. Three years later St. Cecilia's was reopened with a white priest as the celebrant. A veteran parishioner boasted, "I would walk out again if they sent another Negro here to say Mass." A newspaper photograph of the interior showed the Negroes all seated on one side of the aisle and the whites on the other, just as formerly. The whole fiasco was seen as a humiliating setback for the Archbishop and his policy of opposition to racism and segregation. One Negro Catholic caustically commented, "When they reopened the chapel in Jesuit Bend, they put the Negroes on one side, the whites on the other, and God on the outside."

The vacillation of Archbishop Rummel and the excessive timidity of his successor, Archbishop Cody, have to be seen in the context of the lay revolt which the Church's integration policy has provoked. It is highly doubtful that anything has been gained by the procrastination and pussy-footing on the racial issue which characterize recent archdiocesan strategy. Rather it seems likely that racist extremists have been emboldened by the soft and equivocal nature of the Church's approach to the issue. Where boldness was promised, a squeamish temporizing and toying with the evil have become the order of the day. It is no wonder that the recalcitrants multiply openly despite the excommunication of three of their leaders in 1961.

A newspaper, *The Catholic Warrior*, has been started by the so-called "Parents and Friends of Catholic Children." This shadowy organization operates out of a New Orleans post office box. It also maintains a battery of telephone lines over which fascist-type hate recordings are played when the numbers are dialed. Archbishop Cody, for all his soft-pedaling of the race issue and muzzling of his clergy, is a prime target. He is presented as a type of anti-Christ and servant of Satan while Judge Leander Perez is equated with St. Joan of Arc who was burned at the stake by another "Satanic" Archbishop.

Handbills distributed by Catholic extremists show Jesuit priests conferring with Jewish leaders at an interfaith conference and pose the question: "S.J.—Society of Jesus or Society of Jews?" Other handbills declare that "Jesus Was Not a Jew!" *The Citizens' Report*, monthly report of the South Louisiana Citizens' Council whose executive director is the excommunicated Jackson Ricau, Jr., carries racist propaganda under such headlines as FRANCISCANS LAUD NEGRO RED TOOL and NEW YORK TIMES PUBLISHES LETTER DECLARING NEGRO RACE TO BE INFERIOR. Widely circulated is *The Councilor*, official publication of the Citizens' Council of Louisiana, Inc., a violently segregationist anti-Semitic and anti-Communist monthly newspaper, whose circulation has risen from 40,000 to 100,000 in a year's time. Other inflammatory publications which are circulating in the archdiocese are *The Thunderbolt*, organ of the National States Rights Party, an unashamedly fascist grouping; *Common Sense*, subtitled "America's Newspaper Against Communism," founded by the late Coughlinite Catholic, Conde McGinley; and *The Independent American*, an intemperate racist publication emanating from a New Orleans post office box.

On a slightly more respectable plane one finds such a recalcitrant Catholic layman as Emile A. Wagner, Jr. Following Archbishop Rummel's pastoral letter condemning segregation in 1956, Wagner formed an association called "Roman Catholics of the Caucasian Race." According to Charles Harbutt in *Jubilee* (March, 1959), the Archbishop blasted this outfit as "unnecessary, ill-advised, and capable of causing much scandal, disillusionment and confusion among Catholic people." Wagner's contumacious reply ran, "As we see it, there is no requirement in justice and charity that [the Negro] enjoy the same rights as white persons." He appealed over the Archbishop's head to Rome for

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Most Rev. John P. Cody

vindication of his white supremacist views, but was summarily rebuked. "It is utterly disquieting," a Vatican source replied, "that there should be Catholics so ignorant of Christian doctrines and fundamentals."

Wagner next launched an undertaking which has met with no small success, organizing the New Orleans Educational Foundation to establish private segregated schools. These were designed to supplant the soon-to-be-integrated public and parochial school systems. He was aided in this enterprise by the Louisiana legislature which authorized tuition grants of up to $360 a year in state funds to persons seeking to place their children in segregated private schools.

For the board of his racist educational foundation, Wagner found a co-worker in Msgr. Carl Schutten, pastor of St. James Major Catholic Church. Msgr. Schutten was also at the time editor-in-chief of the archdiocesan weekly, *Catholic Action of the South*. The monsignor was well known for his traditionally Southern views on race.

The anomaly of Msgr. Schutten's serving on Wagner's foundation board to wreck the parochial school system and set integration at naught was too great for Archbishop Rummel to tolerate. Msgr. Schutten "reluctantly" resigned from Wagner's board. With the advent of Archbishop Cody, he was retired from the newspaper as well which, renamed *The Clarion Herald*, has tripled the former circulation and is one of the best diocesan papers in the nation.

The segregationist schools started by Emile Wagner's New Orleans Educational Foundation flourish at the expense of both the public and parochial school systems, thanks to the $360 annual tuition grants by the State to participating parents. Mid City Baptist employs a huge fleet of buses to fill its large church with white students in the facsimile of a school. At Christmas Santa Claus descends in a helicopter to reward all the good little white supremacists. Out in the Ninth Ward a plumber presides over another racist school. Most academically acceptable in all the mushroom growth of private institutions spawned by Wagner and the Legislature is the Ecole Classique, a largely Catholic segregationist school. Its principal is a former seminarian.

Ample precedent exists for the revolt of the white Louisiana laity against Church policy. Laicism and anti-clericalism have been endemic along the lower Mississippi since colonial times, according to Roger Baudier, historian of the Catholic Church in Louisiana. The French Revolution strengthened a laicist trend dating from the foundation of New Orleans. The transfer of the area to a largely Protestant sovereignty at the time of the Louisiana Purchase in 1803 gave further impetus to the anti-clerical movement.

MANY INSTANCES could be cited of lay defiance of ecclesiastical policy and Catholic doctrine in Louisiana. When Negro slavery was at its zenith, the Church attempted to curb the rampant concubinage which accompanied it. Priests from the pulpit denounced the disgraceful practice of masters abusing the bodies of their female chattels, a standard indulgence of the period. One priest was threatened with the horsewhip. Another observed his male parishioners lying down in the pews and feigning sleep when he took up the distasteful theme. Yet another priest had his rectory burned in reprisal for his condemnation of the practice and, when he still persisted, his church went up in flames.

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Rev. L. J. Twomey, S. J.

The crowning ignominy chargeable to Louisiana anti-clerical rebels occurred in 1859. Father Savelli of Plaquemines Parish, citadel of today's chief laicist recalcitrant, Judge Leander Perez, was in that year assassinated by his parishioners, on the suspicion that he had been too intimate with Negroes. Lured on a false sick call, Father Savelli was ambushed by a knife-wielding gang. He was stabbed 36 times, which would appear to exceed the number of wounds inflicted by the assassins of Julius Caesar. He was then emasculated and his sexual organs thrown into the Mississippi. According to what Baudier calls a well-authenticated report, the mutilated priest's body was placed in the church in an old bathtub, a keg of whisky emptied in, and the horrible blend of whisky and blood drunk by the carousing assassins. Afterwards these forerunners of the present-day Plaquemines fanatics hung Father Savelli's knife-rent, bloodsoaked cassock in the confessional as a warning to his successor.

Over against the dark scene which has been depicted of a Church racked with heresy and afraid to implement its own policies or to affirm doctrines previously enunciated, one must recognize contrary signs of life and hope. Rev. L. J. Twomey, S.J., director of the Institute of Human Relations at Loyola University in New Orleans, is a strong voice on the side of racial sanity and a champion of integration despite incessant segregationist attacks which seek to label him "the Red priest." His Institute has a program under way for the retraining of Negro sugar cane workers who are being displaced from the fields by machinery. Four other planned programs for Negro economic betterment await only the funds to finance them.

Caritas, a secular institute form of apostolate for dedicated women, carries on what seems an almost hopeless task among the 13,000 Negro residents of the Desire Housing Project, one of the nation's largest, out in the dreaded Ninth Ward. Even the police dare not enter this project. Half of its families are broken and 9,000 children swarm over the desolate courts without so much as a playground, swing, or teeter-totter to divert them from mischief. This year Caritas sponsored an integrated summer project for college students called "Operation Desire." The participants sought to teach games to these deprived children, took them on picnics and transported a pitiful few to the ample athletic fields of Southern University, a state institution for Negroes, several miles away.

Dr. James W. Sweeney, director of the Bio-Medical Computing Systems Center of Tulane University, is a Catholic actionist who has defied the local patterns and integrated Negroes into responsible positions in his highly technical enterprise. One of these, George Johnson, who was first employed as a janitor at the Center two years ago, is now Programmer and Supervisor of the Computer Room in charge of $4,000,000 worth of complex electronic machinery.

John P. Nelson, a local attorney who was raised on a plantation along the Bayou Lafourche, has challenged segregation on many fronts. A much decorated veteran of the Pacific campaign during World War II – he was a company commander on Guadalcanal – Nelson could travel far in Louisiana politics if it weren't for his integrationist views for which he has been severely penalized both socially and economically. Not long ago he wrote the local Catholic attorneys in the St. Thomas More Guild, calling on them to implement in their action the official stand of the Church on integration.

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Their reply was to expel him from the organization for non-payment of dues although a check in payment of them had accompanied his letter to the Guild.

Nelson successfully handled the suit to desegregate Tulane, the last major university in the country to maintain the color bar. He carried to a triumphant conclusion in the U. S. Supreme Court the cases of the New Orleans sit-in demonstrators who had been sentenced in State court to ten-year jail terms for "criminal anarchy." For these and other legal achievements Nelson last year received the annual award of the National Catholic Council for Civil Liberties. He is currently national vice-chairman of the Catholic Conference for Interracial Justice as well as a member of the State advisory board to the U. S. Civil Rights Commission.

One of Nelson's most recent victories involves the so-called Houma "Indians" who trap, fish, and shrimp along the bayous in Terrebonne Parish southwest of New Orleans. Numbering less than 5,000 these putative "Indians" are quite as white as the swarthy "Cajuns" who surround and oppress them. They have been the victims of an absurd three-way segregation which has relegated them to schools inferior even to the Negroes. Prior to 1957 they did not even have a high school they were permitted to attend. In that year "their own" high school was started. In 1963 this school had two teachers and 14 pupils. Graduates could not be admitted to any college in Louisiana or elsewhere. So wretched was the school that it was accredited not by the State but only by the parish. Nelson took the plea of these "Indians" to federal court and won a decree admitting them to the white schools from the 7th through the 12th grades this fall. Next fall the remaining barriers will be removed. So far as the "Indians" are concerned, that is. The Negroes of Terrebonne stay in their segregated schools.

Perhaps the most hopeful spot in the city of New Orleans today is St. Augustine's, an all-Negro high school of 750 boys, conducted by the Josephite Fathers. Here a weapon is being forged to renew the battle against racism on a higher ground. The superlative athletic and dramatic record of St. Augustine's, despite a poverty of physical facilities, has already been described. A magnificent chorus and marching band have been developed. Most impressive of all is the school's academic record.

Graduates of St. Augustine in 1963 included one National Merit Scholar, who entered Yale. (The local newspaper refused to print this boy's picture on the same page with the pictures of other National Merit Scholars from New Orleans who were of course white.) Two boys won scholarships to Harvard that year, and one to Amherst. Others won scholarships to Tulane, Loyola, Lake Forest (Illinois), Arizona State and elsewhere.

The 1964 graduating class at St. Augustine's surpassed this record, winning more scholarships and academic distinctions than any other high school graduating class in New Orleans, white or Negro. The top man academically, Michael Saulny, was chosen a Presidential Scholar as well as a National Merit Scholar and entered Cal Tech. Two boys won scholarships to Harvard, one to Carleton College in Minnesota, one to Iowa State, three to Tulane, two to the University of Arizona, and one to the University of Southern Illinois. The aggregate value of four-year scholarships won by St. Augustine graduates in 1964 totaled $100,000.

This last summer a substantial number of St. Augustine students received intensive courses at Princeton, as well as at Phillips Andover and Phillips Exeter Academies. A special program at St. Augustine, inaugurated several years ago, admits a selected group of eighth-graders who will remain in the institution for five years and be given an accelerated course. This year's entering group numbers 27 and has an average I.Q. of 121.

An extra dividend from this truly extraordinary school has been a flowering of vocations to the priesthood. Ten former students from St. Augustine are now in the seminaries. The irony is that eight years after Archbishop Rummel's condemnation of segregation as a moral and social evil, such spectacular results are being achieved in a segregated Negro school. The achievement, however, is not because of segregation but in spite of it. In the words of Father Joseph Verrett, 34-year-old Negro vice-principal of St. Augustine, "This place is the living refutation of the Negro inferiority label."

Father Twomey's Institute of Human Relations at Loyola gave a party this last summer for the Mississippi Civil Rights workers. Quite a number of them came down from the battleline for a weekend of relaxation in New Orleans. By accident or design, the party fell on July 31, the feast of St. Ignatius of Loyola, patron of the university.

Right in the middle of the party the President of Loyola, Father Andrew Smith, walked in accompanied by Archbishop Cody, who had been in the Jesuit residence helping the community celebrate the feast of their founder. The Archbishop was called upon to say a few words at the Civil Rights party. He did so before departing to sign checks, the next day being August 1 when the New Orleans clergy expect their salaries like everybody else. The Archbishop's few words were masterfully vague but he did wind up by praising the young Civil Rights workers as pioneers, adding "You all know – at least those of you who know me – where I stand."

"Yes, we know," a New Orleans lay integrationist leader standing next to me whispered, "he stands squarely in the middle, right on dead center."

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BOOKS

The Christian Critic in France

by Wallace Fowlie

By its persistence and its vitality, the religious problem has shown an ascendency over all other problems throughout the history of the French letters. The greatest writers either reflect some aspect of the problem or appear tormented by it. It is manifested in *Polyeucte*, the tragedy on sainthood, as well as in *Tartuffe*, the comedy on religious hypocrisy. If French literature appears essentially one of psychological analysis, of painstaking investigation on the human heart and sentiments, a tradition extending from the 12th century romances of Chrétien de Troyes to Marcel Proust in the 20th, this preoccupation seems rarely to exist without some reference – and it is often a dominant reference – to religious turmoil and inquiry. Most French writers can be defined by their adherence to religion or by their attack on it. Calvin, at the time of the Renaissance, protested against Rabelais for his "Pagan" naturalism. Pascal, in the 17th century, attacked the *Essays* of Montaigne as the writings of a dangerous sceptic. Later in the century, and within the Church itself, Bossuet rose up against Fénelon and his doctrine of quietism. In the 18th century Voltaire sought the ruin of both Bossuet and Pascal, and in the 19th century Chateaubriand, in his *Génie du Christianisme*, attempted to rehabilitate Bossuet and Pascal and undermine Voltaire. It is quite possible to interpret the history of French literature as an almost interrupted controversy carried on between those who believe and those who do not believe.

The critical spirit, and even its more limited expression of literary criticism, has never been absent from French thought and literature. In fact, it is impossible to think of one without the other. Criticism in its specific technical sense, seeks to explain and evaluate a literary achievement. In the case of Pascal, for example, it would try to explain how he was led to write the *Pensées*. It would study the external circumstances of Pascal's life and period, as well as the inner more secretive spiritual struggles and resources of the man, that led to the writing of the *Pensées*. It would analyze his philosophical arguments, his imagination, his sensibility in order to invest the *Pensées* with some contemporary meaning. And yet it would state, if it were criticism in the best sense, that there is no such thing as the final word or the final judgment about a literary work. The mystery of a literary work that criticism seeks to explain is impenetrable. Literature is concerned with the oldest and deepest dreams and experiences of man. Literary forms, in trying to retain some aspects of these experiences, and literary criticism, in trying to explain literary forms, are fated by their very nature to be fragmentary.

Contemporary French literature is largely orientated toward criticism. It tends to be, even in its creative aspects, an elaborate accusation of the social order, of institutions and ideas. Both Catholic and non-Catholic critics are less concerned today with the study of the beautiful than with their efforts to make out of criticism a form of meditation. In their distrust of a method, of a discursive system, they have appropriated the freer more independent form of the essay.

In a fundamental sense, literary criticism is an explanation of the experience of reading. The analysis of this experience, in the words of the outstanding new critics in France: Poulet, Blanchot, Richard, Barthes, Picon, – has become so subtle and profound that criticsm today is a record of man's knowledge about man. Literary criticism is, more and more, the application of all the sciences: anthropology, psychology, political science. The new French criticism prefers the work to the author. Sainte Beuve's method, with its emphasis on biography, belongs to another age. Charles Du Bos was the

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first, in the 20th century, to demonstrate an almost exclusive interest in the text. Albert Béguin, another Catholic critic, continued the work of Du Bos, and explored depths in a given literary text of which the author might not have been aware. This subconscious intention of a literary work is at the basis of Sartre's studies on Baudelaire and Genet, and on Charles Mauron's study of Mallarmé.

The Jesuit critic, André Blanchet, in his articles on Gide, Malraux, Camus and Sartre, is actually writing a psychoanalysis of contemporary atheism, a spiritual diagnosis of our times. At almost every point in his articles in *Etudes*, his attention is focused on the texts themselves. As a critic, he is a judge of the works and not of the writers themselves. In this sound, and, on the whole, prevalent tradition, Jean Onimus, a professor in Aix-en-Provence, occupies today one of the strongest positions. His newest book, *Face au monde actuel*, is a Catholic's observation of the important literary works concerning Baudelaire's spleen and Sartre's nausea and Ionesco's clowns. Onimus' work of critic follows in many ways the aesthetic theories analyzed a generation ago by Jacques Maritain in *Art et Scolastique* and *Frontiéres de la poésie*, where the Thomist philosopher saw criticism to be in the discernment of values immanent in literary works and where he brilliantly defended the autonomy of art.

The essay is the least pretentious form of literary criticism. The modesty of its very name indicates its method. One tries or tests a book, or an author, or a subject. And one ends always by testing oneself. It is the supplest form of criticism, and it may well be the most efficacious, the most enduring. It is the form of criticsm the most likely to outlive contemporaneousness. Midway between the extreme forms of journalism and the heavy volumes of the tireless, and at times tiresome, specialists, the essay is that form of criticism revealing the intellectual and sensitive powers of the critic. It is remarkably native to the particular genius of the French mind. In its most personal approach to the various problems of criticism, it comes closest to being an artistic creation itself.

The essay of the 20th century, in its multiple forms, has often been one of the vital manifestations of the Christian spirit in France. Péguy, many of whose books are long essays, measured by the lyric intensity and duration of his religious views, was a spiritual guide for the first decade of the century. Jacques Riviére, whose essays are brief and brilliant, became a guide for the second decade, for readers whose attention he held by his example of incessant responsibility toward life and art. Charles Du Bos continued this role of critic in the following decade or two.

The work of Du Bos, known by its title of *Approximations*, so apt a synonym for the essay, is characterized by an unusual scrupulosity and profundity in this critic's will to understand the work of art he is considering. He approaches a work or a writer by every means open to him. He lays siege to the life or the book he is studying. He rarely discusses a work he does not admire, and this attitude brings out in him a humility and a friendliness that are rare in critics. He remains always a Christian writer believing that a work of art bears a testimonial to some spiritual reality of which the author himself may not always have been conscious. Deep within a work he tries to find an intention which the artist may not have realized he was obeying. Even in works of an obviously non-religious character, he is attentive to the slightest echo of the Divine Word.

The writing of Du Bos is characterized by a certain tone of grandeur and nobility deriving in some degree from the very subjects he most willingly chooses, subjects of considerable magnitude: Goethe, Nietzsche, Baudelaire, Claudel. In the presence of such writers as these, his powers of receptivity were limitless. His thought divides and multiplies in a plethora of long heavily weighted sentences whose form recalls Proust. He carries on a dialogue with himself in the fashion of an intimate journal. Gide once said to Du Bos that both of them were the type of critic characterized by a love of dialogue and by a dislike for affirmation.

The seven volumes of *Approximations* and the two books on Gide and Mauriac, represent a continuous investigation in the combined realms of aesthetics, literature and spirituality. These realms are never completely separated for Du Bos. He was always hostile to any false demarcation between literature and life. To oppose literature and life is blatant absurdity, according to his essay *Vie et Littérature (Approximations VII)*. Each needs the other. Without literature, life would be a river deprived of any meaning. Literature acts as a system of hydraulics capturing and directing the water. Life owes to literature its survival, its earthly immortality.

The focus of his work is the study of what he calls the traces of the spiritual in the world of letters. The essential problem he is most concerned with is the spiritual condition of the writer. In company with such critics as Thibaudet, Massis, and Rousseaux, Du Bos has revived and revitalized the problem of the relationship between art and morality. Even more than that, he has given to critical intelligence in contemporary French letters a profundity it has not always had. In his early essay on Baudelaire *(Approximations I)*, where he analyzes the poet's humiliation and redemptive suffering, and in the later essay on Claudel *(Approximations VI)* which turns out to be a study of the mechanics of conversion, Du Bos has given a form of criticism completely independent of traditional academic traditions and patterns. Far more contemporary than Péguy, Du

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Bos continued to study, until his death in 1939, the spiritual life of his generation. The works of both Péguy and Du Bos, in the final analysis, are personal journals where writers are discussed: Corneille and Bergson, in the case of Péguy; and Joubert and Pascal, in the case of Du Bos, – as if they were motifs in the spiritual life of modern man.

During the twenty year period between the two World Wars, French literature was given over to a serious self-examination and self-criticism. Catholic critics especially seemed severe in their analyses and reproaches. Henri Massis, as late as 1941, in a book called *Les Idés Restent*, bitterly attacked Gide, Proust and Valéry for having alienated French intelligence from its real goal, for having undermined the moral precepts of the nation. Claudel was not sparing of harsh epithets of criticism in calling the contemporary atmosphere "morbid and depressing." In time, and in some degree of perspective, such criticism, especially that of Massis, will seem unwarranted and intolerably severe. During the same years a strong renascence of Catholic literature and a rehabilitation of Catholic thought were taking place. The study of mediaeval philosophy, especially St. Thomas Aquinas, received a new impetus from the teaching of Etienne Gilson at the Collége de France, and from Jacques Maritain at the Institut Catholique. In the art form of the novel, Catholic thought and sensibility were to play an important part after 1930. Two novelists of this period have published critical writings of some significance.

Georges Bernanos died in 1948 and was at that time claimed by the astute critic André Rousseaux as the sole contemporary writer upholding the Catholic tradition in France. Bernanos was a man of prodigious vitality, whose character was marked by opposing traits of violence and tenderness, gaiety and vituperation. He is remembered especially for his passages of invective and strong polemics. He has often been called the pamphleteer of modern France, the successor of Léon Bloy. His work now constitutes a major testimonial of our time. His books are warnings, especially on the loss of modern man's freedom, of many kinds: political, economic, humanistic. The dramatic character he confers on belief in Christ will alienate the non-believer, as it had done for the work of Léon Bloy. Bernanos is perhaps the supreme example of a literary "presence" in French literature. Nothing in his work can really be understood unless it is seen from a Christian perspective, as engaging in a real man behind a fictional character, and behind him, a nation and behind it, the entire world.

Among the living writers of the generation of Bernanos, the one who, for twenty years, has been representing the Catholic tradition, has of recent years partially lost his high position of literary influence. François Mauriac has given to French literature the most complete and stark picture of provincial pharisaism that exists. He wrote, as early as 1926, *la province est pharisienne*, and continued to study this theme in each of his successive books.

Midway in his career, Mauriac was strongly accused by his Catholic readers and critics of being an immoral novelist. They claimed that not only did he make perceptible and tangible the universe of evil, but that he often made it appear seductive. The charge was not so much against the subject matter of his writings, as it was against the tone with which he treated the subject matter. They felt his books revealed a secret sympathy, a connivance with sin. When his novel, *Destins*, appeared in 1928, Gide wrote him a letter of congratulations, saying, "The objective of your novel is not so much to bring sinners to Christianity, as to remind Christians that there is something on earth beside Heaven . . . Doubtless if I were more of a Christian, I should be less your disciple." At the same time, Jacques Maritain gave solemn warning to Mauriac. The novelist made a serious examination of conscience and replied to both Gide and Maritain in his book, *Dieu et Mammon*. Maritain's principal point had been that it is important to know at "what altitude the novelist is when he makes his portrayal of evil and whether his art and his soul are pure enough to make it without conniving with it." Maritain summarized his point by adding that "to write the work of a Proust as it should be written would require the inner light of a St. Augustine."

No younger novelist today in France has replaced Mauriac and Bernanos. In the purely Catholic tradition there is a surprising lack of leaders and writers. In their absence, other writers are being read and interpreted as if they belong more literally than they do to the spirit of Catholicism. This was the case a few years ago of the air pilot novelist, Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, who was read fervently by the younger public and considered a spiritual leader. The same remark should be made concerning André Malraux' *Les Voix du Silence*, of 1951. Far more than art history or art criticism, the book is really on the subject of human genius and because of its tone and fervor, Malraux became a kind of spiritual guide in France.

Catholicism in France has always defined itself in the work of those who oppose it, and who, by opposing it, according to those within the Church, are testifying to a nostalgia for the Christian life. In the

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study of each of the major writers, whatever his religious affiliation or lack of it, be, French criticism emphasizes first the religious problem. Scholars today are still exploring and studying the religious attitude and conviction of Rabelais and Montaigne in the 16th century, of Pascal and Descartes in the 17th, of Voltaire and Rousseau in the 18th, of Chateaubriand and Renan in the 19th.

A profitable study could be written on the subtle influence of Catholicism on Gide or on the way he redefined Christian doctrine by refusing to accept it according to its orthodox form. Gide represents to an exceptional degree the conflict between a heart formed by the Bible and an intellect stimulated by Nietzsche and Goethe. For an entire generation, Gide was the prodigal son inciting it to some kind of escape and self-revelation. He has been called the demon corruptor of youth. But already such accusations are being softened, and even by Catholic critics his message is seen to be, not one of flagrant immorality, but one of detachment and of spiritual courage.

During the years of the First World War, Gide's thought was constantly being nourished on the Gospels. His little tract, *Numquid et tu*, based on the St. John Gospel ("Are you a Galilean, too?"), written at a time when he was very close to Catholicism, has a mystical fervor in its search for the word of life. Gide was about sixty when he left for the Congo and generously subscribed to the cause of the Negroes enslaved and exploited by the large Colonial companies, and which became his *Voyage au Congo*. Whatever form Gide's writing took: tale, novel, story, parable, essay, journal, sociological reporting, it was always concerned with man, in his complex relationships with the Eternal and the transitory.

The publication of the correspondence of Gide and Claudel, was an event of capital importance. This exchange of letters between the two greatest writers in France in the early fifties, who were both over eighty when the volume appeared in 1949, belongs primarily to the realm of criticism. If we limit ourselves to this century, there are already many published exchanges of letters that reflect better than other literary forms the spiritual problems of the age: the correspondence between Riviére and Alain-Fournier, between Riviére and Claudel, and between Gide and Francis Jammes.

These letters between Gide and Claudel form the most recent dialogue between two opposing voices, a form that is distinctly favored in France. Du Bos once called the great French dialogue that between Montaigne and Pascal, the sceptic and the believer, a dialogue he says each Frenchman maintains in himself. Such a dialogue as that between Montaigne and Pascal, or between Bossuet and Fénelon, or between Gide and Claudel is a form of the critical spirit. The Frenchman listening to it prefers not to take sides, not to sacrifice one for the other.

Claudel, the man of strong faith, is opposed, in this correspondence, to Gide the man of restlessness and voluptuously-felt inquiry. On the one hand, we read an expression of exultant joy, of a peace declared to all men. And on the other hand, we read the narrative of an endless search for happiness, sought in all forms of pleasure. The correspondence reveals the tremendous dialectical effort Claudel made to convert Gide. Whereas the letters of Claudel show his complete thought on the subjects discussed, those of Gide have to be read in conjunction with the entries in his *Journal* written at the same time, in order to follow his mind accepting and rejecting almost simultaneously. Claudel is a vociferous, lyric cathechizer, but his correspondent is reticent and cautious. This dialogue, which ended in 1926, is one of the most vehement and engrossing French letters have produced.

For the last one hundred years, the religious problem in French literature has been more profoundly reflected in poetry than prose, although it has often been poetry not rigorously, not doctrinally Catholic. For this period of a century, when the Catholic spirit has not been universally persuasive in France, when it has been put to many tests and undergone many attacks, its particular expression, found in the poetry and in the critical writings of the poets, and especially in the three poets who seem to testify to three cardinal aspects of its problem, is the most valid because it is at once bound up with the eternal spirit of Catholicism and with the specific drama and dilemma of modern man.

Charles Baudelaire is the source of modern poetry and the poet in whom the spiritual problem appears both in its most agonized and most transcendent form. It is also apparent now that Baudelaire – and not Sainte Beuve – is the major critic of the 19th century. The creation of beauty for Baudelaire contains the promise of a spiritual deliverance. He was haunted all his life by a sense of tragic dualism, and a need to discover a way to effect a unity and harmony between the two opposing forces of good and evil. The foundation of Beaudelaire's aesthetics as well as the foundation of his personal moral problem is stated in his *Journaux Intimes* when he says that as a child he felt two contradictory sentiments: the horror and the ecstasy of life. The opening sentence of *Mon Coeur mis à nu* states the same idea: "Everything is in the vaporization and the centralization of the self." Honest with himself, Baudelaire never claimed to have known a mystical form of ecstasy. His ecstasy was more sensational, more voluptuary – at the end of which he sought, not love, not truth, but some revelation of beauty as the source of the unknown. His way is mystical in only the very broadest sense. It is really a poetical mysticism. He calls the principle of po-

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etry: human aspiration toward a superior beauty. Its manifestation is in an enthusiasm, a rapture of the soul.

Baudelaire's book, *Les Fleurs du Mal*, reveals a constant search, impeded by velleity or impotence, to get out from himself and master his fate. He certainly believed an artistic creation contained the possibility of his salvation. When he speaks of religion, in his *Journaux*, it seems to be a last recourse of a desperate man, not an experience engaging his entire being. He was always skillful at forming resolutions and incapable of carrying them out. His destiny was that of a seeker, a voyager moving toward the unknown, the different. He made no arrival. He was unable to change his original condition. But his destiny combines greatness and tragedy. His was the ambition of the poet-priest, capable of changing the world, of recreating the world by the word. His system was one of analogies and correspondences, where the poet appears as decipherer of hieroglyphics, as reader of the book of creation . . . All the elements of Baudelaire's great ambition that have guided subsequent poets, were felt and practiced by him as means of uniting his life with the world, of discovering behind the individual and the ephemeral, the universal and the eternal. Baudelaire's is the myth of a lost Paradise, of an Orpheus no longer able to enchant the animals and bewitch all nature.

To the essay and the letter, the personal journal should be added as that form of critical writing the most apt to help us understand an author and his work. Baudelaire's intimate journals are indispensable for a study of his poetry and his art criticism, and more than that, form one of the key documents in the problem of spirituality.

The second case-history in modern French poetry, and more mysterious than Baudelaire's is Rimbaud's. Rimbaud's life as poet was a brief period of four or five years. Ever since it terminated, it has been examined by countless critics and historians, each anxious to arrive at a solution, an explanation of the adolescent destiny. There seem to be as many solutions as there are critics, but all agree on the essential mystery of this life, a mystery of a spiritual order and one that may well contain the clue to modern man's search for a spiritual absolute.

Rimbaud has been defined by all the opposites: Catholic and Pagan, visionary and rascal *(voyant* and *voyou)*, surrealist and Marxist. He has been compared to Julien Sorel, Villon, Faust, Prometheus, Icarus . . . Rather than using any one of these names, or discovering a further prototype, let us name him the modern poet, the almost purely intuitive poet who repudiated the logic of philosophers and doctrinaires. He was the visual poet, aggressive and revolutionary by temperament who had alienated the conventional approaches to God and to love. He willed to make himself into a magus, a magician, a voyant. But the magic he learned to control was poetry, although he scorned the trivial exercise of writing poetry in the usual way.

For Rimbaud, the true poet has not yet arisen. We do not yet know what a poet is. But he tells us in his *lettre du 15 mai*, his major critical piece, that the first study of man is to know himself, the true self, to cultivate himself. The creation of poetry depends on the discovery of the hidden self that we are. *Je est un autre*, wrote Rimbaud, and no sentence of modern times has elicited so much commentary. In his work of a poet, man finally reaches the unknown, according to Rimbaud's formula, which is reminiscent of Baudelaire.

One would not have to go farther than this to sense the spirituality of Rimbaud's formulas. His poetic experience was always close to the mystical. The poet he defined as the recreator of the world. Before engaging upon such a destiny, his life was characterized by a denial of everything, by insults, insolences, vagabond voyages. From today's perspective it is possible to see this violent period as a *chasse spirituelle*, a title given by Rimbaud to a manuscript that has been lost.

THE IMPORTANCE of Rimbaud—and especially the spiritual significant of his work—was first revealed by Paul Claudel. The precise way in which Rimbaud helped Claudel, in revealing to him his mission as religious poet, will always remain a mystery. Within a poetic work that seems to be largely composed of revolt and blasphemy, Claudel discovered traces of a religious drama which spoke directly to him and to which he owed his return to the Catholic faith. In his preface to the work of Rimbaud, one of the important critical statements about poetry by a poet, he tries to analyze systematically the phases of Rimbaud's drama that had taken on such significance for him. Rimbaud's violent period Claudel interprets as the necessary mutation of genius, the sentimental reaction to his world. The visionary phase, the *voyance of* Rimbaud, Claudel calls the way of the spirit. The magnificent images of the literal *Illuminations* were preparations to seeing Truth. The final phase Claudel calls that of belief where, as in the last pages of *Une Saison en Enfer*, Claudel believes that Rimbaud accomplished a mission in the world, that of a violent reaction against positivism.

From Mallarmé Claudel learned especially his lesson on the metaphor, the essential element of his poetics. He learned that a metaphor is a relationship between two objects. The poet's role is to apprehend, to seize the metaphors that exist in the world. This means naming each object and restoring it to its rightful place in a new ordering of the universe, in a new lexicon of the world. Each of the many times that Claudel states that with each new breath of a man, the world should appear new to him, as fresh and virginal as it appeared to the first man with his first breath, he is reiterating Mallarmé's belief about the metaphor, about the endless metaphorical richness of the world. By naming an ob-

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ject, the poet gives it its meaning, as God had originally done when He created the world by naming it. The total word, or the total poem, is therefore the universe. Each poet bears in himself a picture of the universe, a subjective maze of images that have relationships with one another. Mallarmé follows an instinctive quest in naming various objects and seeking to understand their metaphorical meaning. Claudel goes farther in willing this quest as if it were a religious obligation. Symbolism, under the initial guidance of Mallarmé, was a spiritual way of understanding and celebrating the universe. It became later, in the art of Paul Claudel, a more frankly religious way of discovering in the midst of endless variety a secret unity. In his *Art Poétique* of 1903, Claudel states that the metaphor is the logic of the new poetry, comparable to the syllogism of the older logic. Things in the world are not only objects to be known, they are means by which man is being constantly reborn. He had not altered his basic belief when, in 1925, he commented on Mallarmé's *Igitur*, in one of his most penetrating critical essays, and called the world not a sorcerer's handbook, a *grimoire*, but the Word (the Logos) engendering all things.

Thus far we have been especially concerned with the critical concepts of the novelists and poets themselves. In the work of other critics, those who discuss the Christian idea of criticism, one often comes upon studies of what it means to be a Christian in the contemporary world. They often take a literary work as a point of departure to discuss this problem. If Christ really lives in him, the Christian is the type of perfect man, the center of history, the reason why the world was created. What he has to do, through the centuries that began with the Incarnation and will end with the end of the world, is to use the virtues and the powers that are divinely his. Now, Péguy warned Christians against speaking in just this way, with such assurance. Christians have not always been very skillful in solving the problems of the relationships between man and the world of history and the world of science. That problem is one of the greatest facing us today.

Literary criticism has not failed to point out that the lesson of the Incarnation has become a pivotal theme of contemporary Catholic literature. This dogma teaches that the supernatural destiny of the Christian is to a large degree ordered and governed by the particular condition of human life he knows. Time itself is a kind of determinant for eternity. Péguy has written in one of his most moving passages that we lead a life temporally eternal. *Nous menons une vie temporellement éternelle.* The tree of grace is deeply rooted. *L'arbre de la grâce est raciné profond.* This is why the Catholic believes he has chosen everything by joining the two kingdoms of God and the world. To a Christian, the Marxian solution that states that materialism will lead to a society without class distinctions and where the exploitation of man by man will be abolished, seems oversimplified, unwarrantedly optimistic. History is made by men, and like them it is a complex of good and evil. In it there are forces of disintegration and selfishness that lead to its ruin, and also forces of generosity and love that transform the world and are constantly saving it. The same kind of struggle is going on in the heart of each man. History is as ambivalent as man. The artist who works more in darkness than in light, will be more prone to depict the man unaware of the forces of good working in him.

Existentialism has called attention to the Christian belief in the abjection of man. And Pascal, long before Sartrian existentialism, wrote of the old opposition of nature and grace. This Christian tradition in which the body is considered evil, has been exaggerated by Catholic literature. One wonders if it is only Claudel who is close to the Dominican interpretation or emphasis: Grace does not destroy nature but perfects and raises it. Despair is not the ultimate secret. Nothing is more exultant that Claudel's theocentric humanism and his conception of the universe. When the Word became Flesh, it assumed the universe. Because of the fact that the world is a whole, and finite and limited in its extent, Claudel celebrates it with such an enthusiasm that he diminishes the lesser voices of his own age.

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REVIEWS

Goodbye, Mister Charley

CRISIS IN BLACK AND WHITE by Charles E. Silberman. New York: Random House. 370 pp. $5.95.

Reviewed by JAMES GOODWIN, an editor at Bancroft-Whitney in San Francisco.

IN THE PROCESS of facing the reality of the Negro, we are beginning to uncover the animosities and prejudices that are hidden within a region of our mind. We are beginning to discover that we live in a racist society – for what really troubles us is not that justice is denied Negroes, but that our peace is shattered and our businesses interrupted. At last we are beginning to see how racial discrimination compounded with indifference corrupts the souls of all men, black and white.

Throughout the nation "educated" men who have always prided themselves on being free from prejudice – who saw themselves in some ways as fighters for Negro rights – are finding their "commitment" to brotherhood waning from direct contact with the Negro ghetto. As a white liberal put it in a Jules Feiffer carton, "Civil rights used to be so much more tolerable before Negroes got into it." Most white Americans are inhibited at the prospect of closer association with the Negro – this usually involves some physical association, e.g., Negroes moving into white neighborhoods, schools, labor unions, churches, swimming pools, barber shops, and cemeteries. Black is lower class and dirty. White is middle class and clean.

It is always disturbing for a Negro to read, let alone try to review, a book written by a white man about him. Aside from a certain tinsel quality, *Crisis in Black and White* has positive value. It reflects the kind of social and moral commitment that is badly needed, and beyond that it introduces insights that should prove helpful if our social order is to survive the gravest crisis it has ever faced.

Silberman, perhaps inevitably, is least interesting when he touches on the question of what should be done and how. He hopes business will pick up the burden "on their own initiative to create jobs for Negroes" (only a *Fortune* editor could have such a notion). He calls for a new identity for the Negro; and he asks the society to make unspecified massive changes while there is time. He sees great promise in Negro community organization of the type that Saul Alinsky brought to the Woodlawn slum section of Chicago (see Martin Mayer's article in the June 29, 1964 issue of *The Nation*).

The subject of the Negro's lack of identity is irrelevant. The author confuses what he is with what we are. Like most Jews he unconsciously asks the question, "What is a Jew?" He superimposes the Jew on the Negro. Jews can usually see their identity and their survival apart from the rest of us. The Negro cannot. He knows that he cannot save himself without saving this society; his destiny is inseparable from the nation's. Most Jews are quiet bi-nationalists – they have some outside things going for them; consequently, it is meaningful for them to ask, "Is it good for the Jews?" More to the point, it is the diffusion of identity among whites in this society that makes any lasting word on the subject of black identity so precarious. When you are on the bottom fighting to live, the question of identity has a sweet dilettante quality about it.

Silberman says: "For freedom and equality, like power, cannot be given or handed down as a gift. They must be taken by people unwilling to settle for anything less. In this sense, therefore, only the Negro can solve the Negro problem. This does not mean, however, that white Americans can simply toss the ball back to their Negro compatriots, we must lead the way – the the guilt and the responsibility is ours. To insist that Negroes must change before whites abandon their discriminatory practices is to deny the very essence of the Judaeo-Christian tradition: Its insistence on the infinite worth of every human being. 'Whoever destroys a single

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soul,' the Talmud warns, 'should be considered the same as one who has destroyed a whole world.' "

"Divine Providence," declared Pope John, "is leading us to a new order in human relations. The new order must be based on justice – and we must understand that justice is neither an abstraction, nor sentiment, nor a relationship, but an *act*." To delay this act is to deny it. The longer this postponement, the greater the penalty – the more expensive the funeral.

When the Negro problem is raised, white men, for a reason which as yet they do not fully understand, feel guilt, panic, anxiety, tension; they feel the essential loneliness of their position which is built upon greed, exploitation, and a general denial of humanity. They feel the naked untenability of their split consciousness, their two-faced moral theories spun to justify their need to dominate.

But the American Negro, child of the culture that crushes him, wants to be free in a way that white men are free; for him to wish otherwise would be unnatural, unthinkable. Negroes, with minor exceptions, still believe in the hope of economic rewards; they believe in justice, liberty, the integrity of the individual. In the heart of industrial America is a surviving ideal, perchance a saving remnant of a passion for freedom, a passion fanned by their national humiliation.

The author poses the basic rule: "The closer Negroes come to their goals, the angrier they become over the disparities that remain. And they need to express this anger in a variety of ways – in word and deed, in picketing and marching, in singing and shouting." Conversely, the closer Negroes come to their goals, the harder it is for white Americans to understand or "justify" the disparity that remains.

Little of what has been achieved so far would have been won without protest and noise and nuisance; and a continuation, even intensification, of protest will be necessary to keep things moving. But any protest is worthless unless it is aimed, directly or indirectly, at a target that can be achieved. Almost any demonstration in the South is potentially viable, because the basic purpose of Southern demonstrations is to increase the extent of federal intervention in local affairs; but demonstrations in the North and West must have highly specific goals that can be won.

Silberman knows all this, and writes perceptively about it, yet when the chips are down, he bets on old fashioned morality. But, as Silberman has demonstrated, we do not have the tradition to discard. It has moved him and some of the rest of us, but it has never yet moved a whole society intent, as all societies are, upon getting on and making it. What is necessary now is intelligence in applying pressure to points that can be made to yield.

How much pressure? The author says that the changes of the sort Negroes now demand, at the speed they insist upon, cannot be provided without considerable conflict. Too many Americans will have to give up some privilege or advantage they now enjoy or surrender the comforting sense of their own superiority. In Frederick Douglass' words, "If there is no struggle, there is no progress. Those who profess to favor freedom, and yet deprecate agitation, are men who want crops without plowing up the ground. They want rain without thunder and lightning. They want the ocean without the awful roar of its waters."

We should not expect the uprooting of racial inequality in the face of inherited and emotion-laden prejudice to be frictionless. Under certain conditions race riots may have wholesome effects in the long run: They stir up people's conscience. People have to think matters over. They prevent things from getting settled. If the race situation should ever become fixed, if the Negro will really accommodate it, then, and only then, would I despair about a continued great improvement for Negroes. As long as there is friction and fighting, there is hope.

At the Niagara Movement's second annual meeting in 1906, held at Harper's Ferry to pay tribute to the memory of John Brown, Du Bois stated the militants' goals: "We want full manhood suffrage and we want it now. . . . We want discrimination in public accommodation to cease. . . . We claim the right of freemen to walk, talk, and be with them that wish to be with us. . . . We want the Constitution of the country enforced. . . . We want our children educated. . . . And here on the scene of John Brown's martyrdom we consecrate ourselves, our honor, our property to the final emancipation of the race which John Brown died to make free. . . . We are men! We will be treated as men. And we shall win."

We know there is a "Mr. Charley" in every white family structure; we wish instead there was a John Brown. Today, Vincent Hallinan and his sons come closest to these lines of Countee Cullen:

Hushaby, hushaby, dark one at my knee;
Slumber you softly, nor pucker, nor frown;
Though some may be bonded, you shall be free,
Thanks to a man . . . Osawatamie Brown.
His sons are high fellows,
An Archangel is he,
And they doff their bright haloes
To none but the Three.

The grinding processes of history have forged iron in the heart of the Negro. We hear a new and strange cry from Claude McKay:

If we must die – let it not be like hogs
Hunted and penned in an inglorious spot,
While round us bark the mad and hungry dogs,
Making their mock at our accursed lot.
If we must die – oh, let us nobly die,
So that our precious blood may not be shed
In vain; then even the monsters we defy

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Shall be constrained to honor us
though dead!
Oh, kinsmen! We must meet the
common foe;
Though far outnumbered, let us
still be brave,
And for their thousand blows deal
one death-blow!
What though before us lies the
open grave?
Like men we'll face the murderous,
cowardly pack
Pressed to the wall, dying, but—
fighting back!

What has America done to people who could sing out in verse to make them snarl about being "pressed to the wall," and dealing "one death-blow"? Is this the result of a three-hundred-year policy of "knowing niggers and what's good for 'em"? Is this the salvation which Christian missionaries have brought to the "heathen from Africa"? That there is something wrong, only fools would deny.

White America has reduced Negro life in our great cities to a level of experience so crude and brutal; a quality caught in the words of Vachel Lindsay:

It is not that they starve, but they
starve so dreamlessly,
It is not that they sow, but that
they seldom reap,
It is not that they serve, but they
have no gods to serve,
It is not that they die, but that they
die like sheep.

The danger is not violence but something far deeper and more destructive: a sense of permanent alienation from American society. The narrator of Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man* declares: "I can hear you say, 'What a horrible, irresponsible bastard!' And you're right. I leap to agree with you . . . but to whom can I be responsible, and why should I be, when you refuse to see me?"

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DOUBLEDAY

Sayonara, Ian Fleming

YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE. By Ian Fleming. New York: New American Library. 240 pp. $4.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT TRACY of the English Department of the University of California (Berkeley)

IAN FLEMING IS DEAD. The linked series of adventure novels which describe the exploits of James Bond has come to an abrupt end. Though one novel yet remains to be published, *The Man With the Golden Gun* (it will appear next year), we will never really know the end of Bond's career. This is appropriate enough, perhaps, since Bond's career is, in a sense, ours. He is a child of the cold war, moving in that uncertain half-world of conspiracies and leashed rivalries in which we have all lived since 1945. The clarity of open war would destroy us, the clarity of open peace would confuse us, but either unlikely eventuality would leave no place for Bond and his profession of secret agent.

It is true that Bond has many features of the traditional hero, and that he is engaged in one more of those battles with the forces of darkness that have engaged poets and novelists since literature began. But in our time the battle and its issues have become simplified at the hands of the popular novelist, the movie-maker, and even an occasional political candidate. They have turned it into an affair of black and white, of cops and robbers, with life and art inextricably mixed. "You used to laugh at the books Miss Savage read," exclaims the hero of Graham Greene's *The Ministry of Fear*. "Spies, and murderers, and violence, and wild motorcar chases, but, dear, that's real life: it's what we've all made of the world since you died . . .The world has been remade by William Le Queux." The mythology under which we live presupposes diabolically clever enemies who can be defeated only by extraordinary guile, strength, and luck, and our anxieties can best be given artistic form in the thriller, where the complexities of the real world are dissolved into good against evil, simple bravery against infernal intelligence.

The recipe for such writing is easy enough. Take a villain or villains who are in command of a large and sinister organization. Mix in a hero, who generally works alone. As an optional feature, fold in a beautiful heroine of either extraordinary or easy virtue. But merely to repeat the recipe leads to boredom. It must be varied in order to interest the tired palate, and this variation can take place only in details. The diabolic robber must be endowed with striking peculiarities which will capture the reader's attention and conceal the standardized plot, while the heroic cop must have a few marked personal traits to balance his perfection and give him at least the semblance of a believable personality. As Chesterton long ago

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pointed out, the most strikingly idiosyncratic characters in modern literature are to be found in detective novels, so that the peculiar habits of a Sherlock Holmes or a Nero Wolfe have passed into the folk mind. Even those who have never actually read of Holmes' adventures recognize the deerstalker, the cocaine, the Persian slipper full of tobacco, the violin, the mysterious gasogene, and the crowded rooms at 221 B Baker Street, and Nero Wolfe's beer and orchids are almost as famous.

Ian Fleming was lavish in his use of such idiosyncrasies. He made Bond one of the few members of the British Secret Service to hold a double-o number (007), which gives him "license to kill" on his own responsibility. 007 carries a Beretta .25 (scornfully dismissed as a "ladies' gun" by his superiors), drives a 1930 four-and-a-half litre Bentley coupé with a supercharger, smokes a Maccdonian blend with three gold rings around the butt specially made for him by Morlands of Grosvenor Street, and drinks medium-dry martinis with a slice of lemon peel, shaken and not stirred, preferably made with Russian or Polish vodka. None of these are very odd traits, but they are distinctive, so much so that when the filmed versions of Bond's adventures are shown a giggle of recognition goes through the theater as he orders food or drink, even as it must have done when all the Baker Street properties first appeared on a stage.

Bond's idiosyncrasies, then, serve as a trademark as did those of his predecessors, but at the same time they help to make him interestingly different from earlier detective figures. Sherlock Holmes was an eccentric and a recluse, as were many others among that vast progeny which sprang up to follow him. They were all chiefly interested in the cultivation of their idiosyncrasies and in the minutiae of their profession. Primarily thinking-machines, they were given a few odd traits or habits to distinguish them and to disguise their essential lack of humanity. But Bond is quite different. He is the dream of every college admissions director, the elusive well-rounded man of a thousand letters of recommendation – a superb golfer, a boxer and judo expert, good at languages, able to assimilate quickly a mass of complicated and unfamiliar material, a fearless driver, a steady shot, quick and witty in conversation, discreet, tough, reliable. Neither eccentric nor recluse, he is fond of society and especially of women. Unlike the older, more retiring breed of detectives, he is very much the worldly sensualist, the man who knows his way around.

The presence of this sophistication probably explains the enormous popularity of the twelve books in which Bond appears. He knows his way around the world, and to read the books is to acquire that knowledge agreeably spiced with high adventure and frequent fornication. Fortified by a little of Fleming's prose, the newly-fledged businessman or diplomat can behave with confidence as he enters a London club, a Nevada casino, a New York hotel, a Harlem nightspot, or a Swiss clinic. It is true that Bond does not move in quite the best circles, but this is all to the good. He moves in circles which are attainable to anyone with a little money or position, where credentials are not checked but where naive behavior is more offensive than immorality. His followers learn how to conduct themselves in the presence of eggs Benedict or stone crab. They are told that in London one dines at Scotts on a really special occasion, and has prescriptions made up at John Bell and Croyden. Fleming recommends the Okura Hotel in Tokyo and the Blue Hills in Kingston, and suggests that Romeo y Julietas are the best Havana cigars, especially when lit with a Swan Vesta. His pages are studded with Sunbeam Alpines, gunmetal Ronsons, Super Constellations, Silver Wraith Rolls Royces, Smith and Wesson Centennial Airweights, Toyopets, four-jet turbofan Douglas DC-8s, and Berns Martin Triple-draw holsters, until the continual recurrence of proper nouns makes the outsider feel very much on the inside.

Bond himself provides a good deal of this instruction. In many of the novels the function is made even more explicit by the appearance of some friendly native of Las Vegas, Jamaica, or some other stop on the recognized tourist circuit, who is ready to lecture on the niceties of local behavior. In *Diamonds Are Forever* and *Live and Let Die* an American C.I.A. agent, Felix Leiter, explains the folkways of Nevada and reveals how a bartender can use his glassware to give a customer less than full measure. For rather more than half its length this latest novel is really a guide to Japan, prepared for the tourist who wants something more than Thomas Cook and Son can provide. Tiger Tanaka, head of the Japanese secret police, instructs Bond and the reader in the proper deportment towards a geisha girl and in the etiquette of the Japanese bath. We learn how to drink saké, how to pray at a shrine, and what to do when confronted with a dish of sliced but still living Japanese lobster. In a few months, no doubt, Japanese businessmen will be professing polite amazement as their American or English visitors shyly reveal a knowledge of these arcane matters.

Fleming's novels thus provide for our newly rich travelers some of the services which Castiglione, Baltasar Gracián, and other writers on the art of being a gentleman provided for the new men of the Renaissance. Fleming is less concerned with morality than these predecessors. His advice does not aim at the cultivation of grace and graciousness, as theirs did. He sees the world in purely material terms. But his advice is no less practically valuable. Through James Bond he is able to inculcate coolness in his pupils. They are told how to avoid the appearance of being startled or shocked, how to retain an air of knowing their way around, how to operate in and with the world.

This marked commitment to the world as it is functions also as one of Bond's chief motives in all his exploits. A man of the world speaking to other men of the world, he is

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—The nun with the Avis "We Try Harder" button on her habit.

—Number one best-seller on college campuses: "Misery," by Suzanne Heller.

—Terry Southern's forthcoming books.

—"Sex and the Office" and "How to Exercise Without Moving a Muscle," two autumn books from Geis.

—Dr. Strangelove is a Jules Feiffer cartoon.

—Young girls are now writing the kind of books they were once forbidden to read.

—Elizabeth Taylor—the writing Taylor—has written a devastating portrait of a good woman.

—JFK's favorite book.

—Why higher-priced caskets are always on the right.

—The original title of William Golding's "The Spire" was "An Erection at Barchester," thought too punning and inappropriate by his publisher for "a book likely to form a permanent part of our literature."

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—Rachel Carson's favorite birds.

—The slogans on Sargent Shriver's office door.

—What has caused the country's three major race riots.

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—Paul Krassner's favorite book, "Johnny Got His Gun."

—The comic spirit of Wallace Stevens.

—In a Minneapolis library, there's a waiting list three years long for "The Group."

—The story of New York's High School of Music and Art.

—14,000 Americans who may be innocent are convicted of serious crimes every year.

—Shakespeare's son-in-law.

—64 hours that don't seem long enough.

—The book critics have called "the least lily-livered memoir since T. E. Lawrence's."

—Cass Canfield's history of John Gunther's novel on Vienna.

—Lyndon Johnson in 1942: "We must get rid of the indecisive, stupid, selfish and incompetent among our generals, admirals, and others in high military positions."

—Nehru recommended prison to writers.

—What to tell your child before The Bomb goes off.

—A woman's first-hand view of Lenin.

—A. J. Todd's "Justice on Trial," a real-life "Advise and Consent."

—Hemingway on Salinger: "Jesus, he has a helluva talent!"

—You'll want to hold John Lennon's book.

—Howard Hughes and Jane Russell brought refreshing honesty to Hollywood's approach to sex.

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—The power structure of Dallas was studied before the assassination.

—The Christian roots of anti-Semitism.

—The satirist is always out of joint.

—Arthur Koestler's "Act of Creation" sets London's literary world ablaze.

—Your Cape Cod ghost may just be the rain.

—"Jews and the Wild West," when God had to help anyone who committed a crime on *Shabbos*.

—Middlebury College graduates are making it big on the lit scene: W. G. Heinz, Bard Lindeman, Richard Kim.

—Buckminster Fuller believes that only a design revolution, not politics, can save the future of mankind.

—The recipes that helped elect Maryland's governor.

—The strange things people do when they write their last will and testament.

—Most of us now breathing have a good chance of physical life after death.

—Benjamin Fine's gift to gifted children.

—Mach 1, Mach 2 and Machugina John Goldfarb.

—Wordsworth—the perfect name for a poet.

—How to be a grand grandma.

—They give Oregon its just desert.

—007-Thirty a.m. in the White House.

—Disillusion restores the Christ archetype.

—A sharply critical biography of Adenauer.

—"Earthquake" fills a long-standing gap.

—James P. Warburg's long road home.

—The farmer, the clerk, and the electrician who believe that they are Jesus Christ. (They live in the back wards of the state mental hospital at Ypsilanti, Mich.)

—The sudden popularity of three books by Dr. Immanuel Velikovsky, who holds the overpoweringly unorthodox theory that the Earth has undergone repeated catastrophes that were not miraculous interventions in the order of nature but, quite to the contrary, natural phenomena.

—Mrs. JFK, who, writes Murray Kempton, used to convey at a campaign meeting the effect of a Florentine madonna dropped into a Jack Levine painting.

—A. J. Liebling's observation that "the country's present supply of foreign news depends largely on how best a number of drygoods merchants in New York think they can sell underwear."

—Zohra Lampert. "Now I feel that I can make myself go. Because I want to."

—The man President Johnson identified as "Lady Bird's boy friend."

—The important event in the world of literature that has come from Wales' heron-priested shores.

—The two things that excite us to love a woman and who embodies these ideals.

—The questions that, consciously or unconsciously, plague the most talented American-Jewish writers and their sympathetic readers. "All That Glistens Is Gold, Malamud, etc."

—What Shakespeare was doing at 10 in the morning.

—The big best-seller, "The Martyred," rejected by six publishers before a seventh bought it.

—They'll tell you one good commintern deserves another.

—The Nixons once played the romantic leads in an amateur production of The Dark Tower.

—The unquenchable desire for sweeping social change, from Plato to Mao Tse-tung.

—"I have assumed that the slaves were merely ordinary human beings, that innately Negroes are, after all, only white men with black skins, nothing more, nothing less."

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also a public servant engaged in the public service. "Through the recent valorous efforts of this one man, the Safety of the Realm has received mighty reassurance," writes his superior officer in the nicely parodied *Times* obituary near the end of *You Only Live Twice*. He is essentially a social rather than an individual hero, a patriotic Aeneas rather than an Achilles bent on personal glory, and Fleming enjoys a joke at the expense of the myth he has created by allowing the obituarist to deplore "a series of popular books . . . written around him by a personal friend and former colleague. If the quality of these books, or their degree of veracity, had been any higher, the author would certainly have been prosecuted under the Official Secrets Act. It is a measure of the disdain in which these fictions are held . . . that action has not yet . . . been taken against the author and publisher of these high-flown and romanticized caricatures of episodes in the career of an outstanding public servant."

Bond's public role as a trusted agent of the British government makes him a proper hero for our organization-minded age, and marks him off from such figures as Sherlock Holmes, Lord Peter Wimsey, Nero Wolfe, and the other unaffiliated detective heroes of earlier times. In an interesting way this role also determines his enemies, who have changed in the course of the twelve novels as relations have improved between Russia and the West. The enemy is Russia in *Casino Royale* (1953), the earliest of the novels, and Bond is pursued through a number of books by agents of SMERSH, a secret Russian organization specializing in murder and espionage. But about halfway through the series SMERSH is disbanded, a victim of Khrushchev's de-Stalinization policies. Russian agents become less active in Bond's life. His new enemies are members of SPECTRE (Special Executive for Counter-Intelligence, Terrorism, Revenge and Extortion), a private organization founded by those SMERSH agents who have left Russia in disgust at the softness of the new regime and combined with ex-members of the Gestapo, the Mafia, and other sinister groups in what is perhaps the ultimate in private enterprise. England no longer needs protection from enemy states in the later novels. She must instead be protected from private arch-criminals, who have acquired for themselves respectable covers which can only be penetrated by extra-legal methods. Bond's newer enemies are motivated by the desire for profit, directed by men who have no public responsibilities whatsoever, and Fleming suggests that they are far more dangerous than Soviet spies.

The arch-criminal appears in the novels even before the creation of SPECTRE, however, in such figures as Dr. No and Goldfinger. No has established himself on a Caribbean island which is rich in guano, so that he can decoy American missiles as they are tested and sell them to the highest bidder. Goldfinger is equally interested in money, and plans to empty Fort Knox of its gold. But SPECTRE introduces the archest of Fleming's arch-criminals in Ernst Stavro Blofeld, a mad genius who steals two atomic weapons to hold the whole Western World for ransom in *Thunderball*, escapes to re-emerge as Comte de Bleuville in *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, where he plots the destruction of the British economy by introducing certain germs into crops and livestock, and makes his final appearance here as Dr. Guntram Shatterhand, founder of a Castle of Death on a Japanese promontory, with a garden full of poisonous trees and shrubs, hot bubbling fumaroles, a lakeful of piranhas, and other amenities designed to aid the eager suicide in that punctilious and overcrowded island. The absence of the profit motive in this final enterprise is evidence that he is no longer fully in command of himself. He has become a mere poet of crime rather than an entrepreneur, the creator of an altruistic and romantic fantasy out of Keats, the Gothic novelists, and Hawthorne's "Rappaccini's Daughter." "You are indeed a genius, lieber Ernst," his wife tells him as they contemplate the deadly garden together. "People read about such fantasies in the works of Poe, Lautréamont, de Sade, but no one has ever created such a fantasy in real life. It is as if one of the great fairy-tales has come to life. A sort of Disneyland of Death. But of course . . . on an altogether grander, more poetic scale."

Blofeld's garden is neither profitable nor political, but nevertheless there is a certain political theme to *You Only Live Twice*, and it is a very deliberate one. Fleming knew that President Kennedy was one of his most enthusiastic readers, and parts of this novel seem to have been written especially for him. This time Bond's real enemy is neither Russia nor Blofeld. Instead, he is working against the Americans and the C.I.A., who refuse to share vital information with the British Secret Service (the information comes from the Japanese, who have penetrated the Russian diplomatic code). Bond's superior blames this state of affairs on "this new man McCone," a Kennedy appointee, and on England's declining reputation as a great power. But Fleming is eager to persuade his readers – and perhaps the reader he hoped for in Washington – that England is still a force to be reckoned with. "AMERICA WILL NOT RISK A NUCLEAR WAR INVOLVING HER TERRITORY FOR THE SAKE OF RESCUING A NOW MORE OR LESS VALUELESS ALLY DASH AN ALLY NOW OPENLY REGARDED IN WASHINGTON AS OF LITTLE MORE ACCOUNT THAN BELGIUM OR ITALY," proclaims an intercepted Russian message. It is Bond's task to challenge this doctrine, and to prove to the Japanese authorities that his country deserves a share in the information which they gather. He is allowed to state the book's message in a conversation with Tanaka: "Just because you're a pack of militant potential murderers here, longing to get rid of your American masters and play at being *samurai* again, snarling behind your subser-

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